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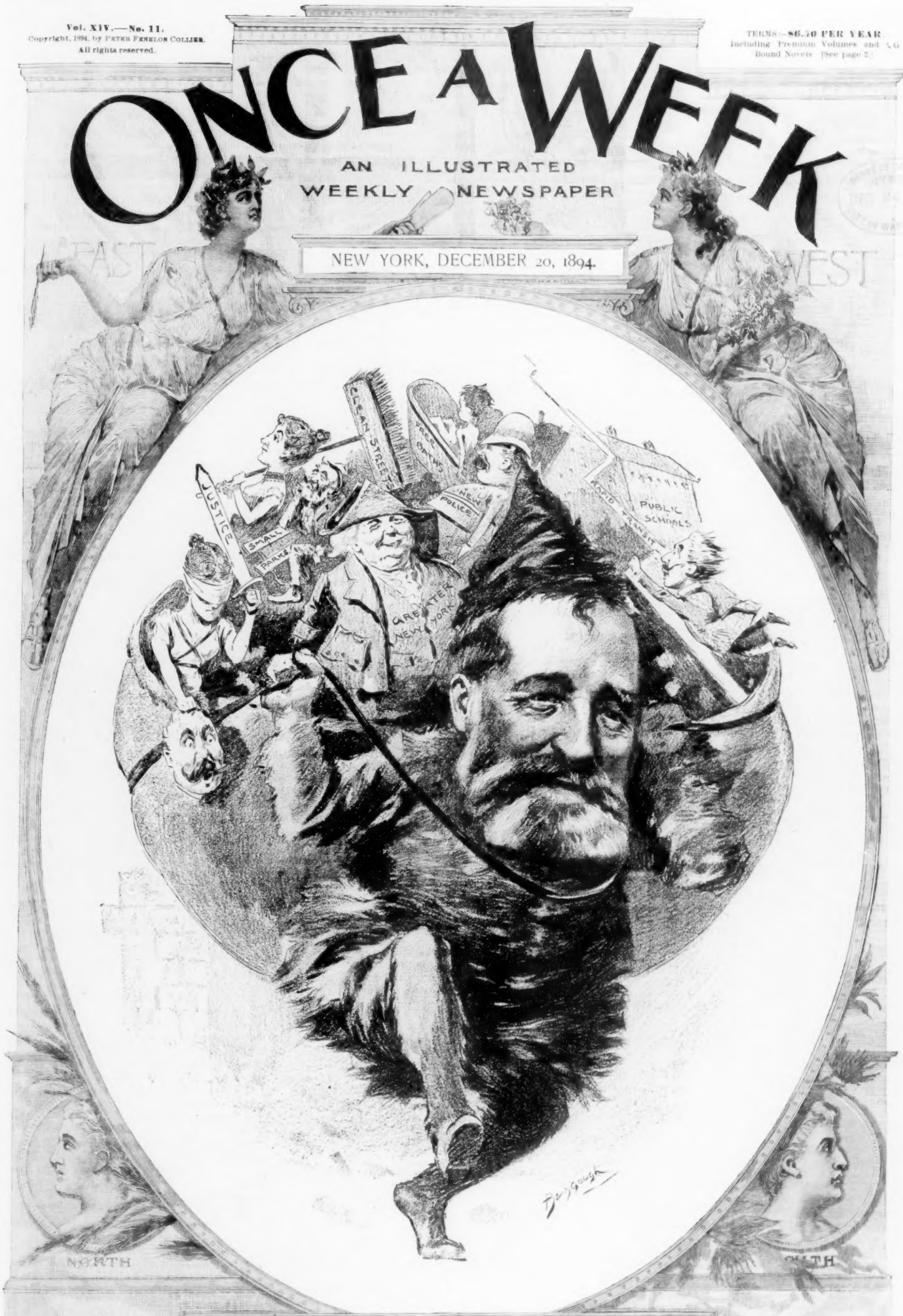
ONCE A WEEK

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 20, 1894.



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PETER FENELON COLLIER,
No. 523 West 13th Street, New York.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1894.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES

WHAT will be the outcome, for organized labor, of the visit of John Burns to America, and the important part which he has taken in the great congress of the American Federation at Denver?

* * *

WHETHER or not our English visitor fully carries out his programme, his coming marks a new epoch in the campaign of the workers for complete liberty. John Burns is an organizer of miraculous skill; and when he tells the American Unions that they are timid, that they have not yet learned what coherent demand for their rights really means, his words will have an immense influence, especially in these days of industrial disturbances of vast magnitude, and a general feeling of social unrest.

* * *

AT the great Congress of British Trades Unions at Norwich, three months ago, in response to a pressing invitation from this country, David Holmes, of the National Weavers Association, and John Burns, of the Amalgamated Society of Machinists and Engineers, chairman and vice-chairman of the Parliamentary Committee, were chosen to visit Denver. On their arrival they were heartily welcomed to New York. John Burns is a man who would receive an enthusiastic welcome wherever workmen are free to express themselves. His aim, as he announced it before coming, is "to give advice to the American labor movement; and to bring about, if possible, community of interest between American and English labor." This latter expression seems a little obscure, unless he means to cement the bonds between the Trades Unions of the two countries. In some things the interests of American and English labor are too diverse to be reconciled; notably in the matter of wages.

* * *

PERHAPS the desire of John Burns—his ultimate aim—is more fully expressed than elsewhere in the answer which he made to a request for a definition of it by a representative of ONCE A WEEK: "Let us work for Collectivism without Bureaucracy; for Democracy in the social, industrial, and municipal spheres of public life." Phrases like these have procured for the stout labor leader the epithet of "militant political Socialist"; but they will be welcome in the West, and will not be without their echo in the East.

* * *

WHAT John Burns means to do, if he can, is to establish an Anglo-American workingman's party—international in the highest sense; aggressive and vigorous like himself. He wishes to weld the Trades Unions of both parties into one vast organization, wedded to a social gospel, which, if carried out, would modify the present constitution of society. It is a large contract; but he enters upon it with seeming conviction that it can be executed.

OF course John Burns's views of many things in this country will be modified by his stay here. His opinions of America, after he had been here only twenty-four hours, showed some curious misconceptions of fact. But the sturdy labor leader, who has won his place in the government of London and in Parliament by sheer force of honest frankness, will be generous enough to admit any errors into which he is led by a too hasty survey.

* * *

NO wonder the indignation of our visitor was aroused by the spectacle of the filthy and improper housing of labor on the "East Side" of this city. Evidently he spoke beyond the mark when he said that there were no places so bad in London; but something may be allowed for the righteous anger which he felt. If he can inspire organized labor with a determination to demand and secure the reform of this crying evil, he will prove a most powerful aid to the Tenement-House Commission, which is just on the point of making its official report.

* * *

I TRUST that this report will recommend the wiping out of Mulberry Bend. That would be an excellent beginning.

* * *

DELEGATE DAVID HOLMES, of England, made a wise speech at Denver, containing a sharp reproof for the "fatuous spirit of jealousy which exists among the leaders of many trade organizations in America." The practice of slandering a labor leader as soon as he becomes prominent by asserting that he has been corrupted or bought over is far too common in this country. In England, Mr. Holmes says, a leader has the faithful following of the people whom he represents.

* * *

JOHN BURNS, in his opening speech at the convention, said that Unions in America must be given that social recognition and judicial and legal fair play which are their right in a land of equal suffrage.

* * *

DR. EDMUND J. JAMES, of the University of Pennsylvania, delivered an address the other day at Minneapolis, before the National Conference on Good City Government, in the course of which he made the rather remarkable assertion that before another generation has passed away "European States will be sending men here to study our municipal governments, * * * because we shall have solved some problems with which they will be unsuccessfully wrestling."

* * *

DR. JAMES may be right, but I much fear he is over-sanguine. Still, it is refreshing to have some clear-headed students of a grave question take a hopeful view of the outlook in this country. One can quite agree with Dr. James in the opinion that "the question of a model City Charter is a purely relative one, depending on temporal and local conditions," and that a form of government which worked well a generation ago is hardly suitable for us now.

* * *

THE model City Charter, Dr. James asserts, is that under which the business which devolves upon the modern municipality in the United States can be most efficiently performed. This is to be ascertained by a study of prevailing conditions in this country at this present time, and not by reference to the history of our own cities in the past or to the conditions of European cities in the present. The study of the past in America or the present in Europe is not what we need most, but the study of the present in the United States.

* * *

THIS may be said without belittling the importance of studying history or examining foreign conditions as a part of general culture and as showing what has been done at other times and places. Dr. James considers that every plan must be based on universal suffrage, popular representation, and popular control. Here are his own words:

"An Ideal City Charter must, therefore, take account of time and place, reckoning with what is possible under existing conditions. No City Charter can be an ideal one for American conditions which relies for its excellence upon a limited suffrage—limited either by the possession of property or so-called education—for the simple reason that such a charter could not be successfully worked. It would arouse such popular antagonism and distrust that it could not effect the good results which might seem on *a priori* grounds likely to flow from such an arrangement. Accepting, then, the principles of universal manhood (and possibly also womanhood) suffrage, popular representation, and popular local control, what are the elements of a model City Charter for American conditions?

"Such a charter should give the greatest possible amount of self-government to the community. The locality should really have the right to frame its own charter, in all matters of detail, providing for its own scheme of organization, determining the powers and functions of its own government. It should be, as far as possible, autonomous, self-determining and independent of State control either legislative or administrative. We are indebted to Missouri and the far Western States for the first movements in this direction. The mere work of framing these charters by the communities themselves would do more to arouse popular interest in city government than all our municipal leagues or associations."

* * *

SO far so good; but Dr. James does not go into details, or make any particular practical suggestions, which are precisely what we need in this city, for example. I would like Dr. James to study up New York, and let us know how in his opinion the troubles of the past may be avoided in the future. One thing is sure—namely, that in a great metropolis like New York the police should be kept out of politics, and to effect that end there is only one way: Deprive them of the right to vote in city elections. In a Democratic country this may seem a hard condition to impose, but it is the only way to prevent the police from falling into the hands of designing politicians.

* * *

NEWS has just been received here of the sudden death of Sir John Thompson, Premier of Canada, which sad event took place at Windsor Castle on the 12th inst. Sir John had been summoned to attend a meeting of the Privy Council, of which he had just been made a member. Afterward he had an audience with the Queen, at the conclusion of which luncheon was served to him and his companions in the Octagon Room at the palace. They were barely seated when the Premier was seized with a faintness, and before medical aid could be summoned he was dead. His loss will be keenly felt in Canada, and may result in the overthrow of the present Government. The Queen has sent a message of condolence and sympathy to Lady Thompson, who is in Montreal, and who is overwhelmed with grief.

* * *

AMERICANS who desire to visit Canada should take the opportunity of doing so during the Winter Carnival which will be held at the capital next month. Ottawa is a picturesque city, well worth a visit at any time, and the elaborate programme of amusements arranged for the entertainment of visitors by the Carnival Committee adds to the ordinary attractions of the place a great many of unique character. A point worthy of attention is the relative cheapness of living in Canada compared with the United States. Hotel rates, cab hire, tailors' and dressmakers' charges, and many other items included in one's regular expenses, are surprisingly moderate on the other side of the border.

* * *

MRS. MARY LEASE of Kansas has gone to grape-growing in California. She says that it pays better than Populist politics. Aunt Mary didn't like the hard words used by the Opposition orators.

* * *

THE pioneer wine-grower of California, Jacob Gundlach, died recently near Sonoma. For forty years he had labored in the vineyards of the Pacific Coast.

* * *

WAS it a typographical error or an amusing and egregious blunder by which the *Herald* informed its readers in a recent account of the St. Andrew's Society dinner, that Lord Aberdeen appeared in a *tarlatan* skirt? What effect this announcement had on the good people of Canada can only be conjectured. Let me hasten to assure them that their worthy Governor-General was guilty of no greater levity than that of wearing the Gordon *Tartan* kilt.

* * *

OXFORD UNIVERSITY is to have a new magazine, entitled the *Chameleon*. It will be published three times a year, and the edition is limited to a hundred numbered copies. Among the contributors are Mr. Oscar Wilde, Mr. Max Beerbohm, Lord Alfred Douglas, and Mr. Lionel Johnson.

* * *

THE consolidation majority furnished by Brooklyn has in some unaccountable manner dwindled from two thousand to less than two hundred. But it still remains a majority, and Brooklyn is now sorry that she was so apathetic on the subject at the recent election.

* * *

AFTER the discussion in the Legislature, which will come early in the session, the enthusiasm will increase. Many of the objections to the absorption into "Greater New York" have already been overridden. The others must go. Destiny cannot take account of a few local prejudices.

* * *

LADY JEUNE, the well-known social leader in London, has been preaching her countrywomen a sharp sermon on their extravagance in dress. It is not uncommon, she says, for people at a smart country house to wear four or five gowns in a day. Morning, walking, afternoon, evening, each has its separate apparel, and the tea-gown, recently adopted, is the most gorgeous of all. Lady Jeune blames all this new luxury, and calls it one of the conditions which respectable English opinion considers a reproach and a danger to the country.

* * *

THIS fair and far-seeing critic looks forward with dread to the revival of crinoline, though she thinks better of it than of trailing skirts. Most of the new fashions are revivals. Thus crinoline dates from Queen Bess, and the puffed sleeves from Henry VIII.

* * *

MANY prominent citizens have united in a letter to Dr. Parkhurst, requesting him to accept a public testimonial of the city's gratitude for the measures of reform which are so largely due to his courageous pioneer work three years ago, and his persistent labors ever since. To this Dr. Parkhurst has replied that, while he could under no circumstances accept anything which would contribute to his personal enrichment, the City Vigilance League needs money and a proper headquarters, and a fund might properly be raised for it. The citizens committee will at once act upon this suggestion, and give the League a good home, and strong financial support.

THE tendency of certain papers to indulge in harsh criticism of Dr. Parkhurst because, being a minister of the Church of Christ, he went into the work of social reform with energy, and was not afraid to descend into the lowest depths in pursuit of the evidence which alone could bring about the desired revolution, is much to be deplored. It is not so surprising as that an assembly of Presbyterian divines should adopt the same tone; but it is out of harmony with the spirit of the times, and does not represent public sentiment with regard to the valorous clergyman's campaign against vice.

* * *

THE hopeless muddle into which the Banking and Currency Committee of the National House of Representatives has fallen, in its endeavors to secure a proper measure for currency reform, furnishes one more confirmation of the need for a special commission to study this subject. ONCE A WEEK was first in the advocacy of this simple and practical plan, which Senator Manderson afterward took up and warmly recommended. The trouble with the House Committee is that every member has his own plan, and will not see good in any other one.

* * *

THE income tax measure seems to have a great many active enemies this session, and there is much talk of its repeal. But nothing definite in that direction has yet been done.

* * *

APPALLING, from some points of view, is the fact that in the State of New York there are fifty thousand more women than men. In the city of New York, the excess is twenty thousand, and in Brooklyn, seventeen thousand. No wonder that so many women in these parts are learning to fend for themselves, since it is only too painfully obvious that their chances of finding any one else to do it for them are as one in fifty thousand. Curiously enough, the birth-rate among males is higher than among females; but, as an offset, the death-rate of women is lower than that of men. Comparative statistics show that an excess of female population is always found in the largest centres, whereas in thinly settled districts the men outnumber the women. Buffalo is an exception to this rule, its male population being greater than the female. Other districts in which there are more men than women are Hamilton County, Westchester, Putnam, Richmond, Rockland and Queens.

* * *

THE Prince of Wales does not seem anxious to be credited with the role of a diplomatic agent; and he forbade, with some asperity, the demonstrations in his honor which had been prepared on his return to London.

* * *

PROBABLY his indisposition to be hailed as the saver of the English situation was increased by the fact that on his way home, while passing through Berlin and Paris, he noted unmistakable signs of coldness and hostility—indicative of the future temper of the Cabinets of Germany and France. The German Emperor does not hesitate to manifest his jealousy of England's advances to Russia; and it is doubtful if he visits his august grandmother's Court next summer unless his temper changes. Meantime England and Russia both declare that there is no alliance between them: only a friendly agreement not to interfere with each other's interests in the East.

* * *

THE truth will probably come out when the proposition for a European occupation of Armenia is brought under discussion. If Russia and England are found working in harmony to punish the "sick man of Europe" for his crimes, there may be some reason to hope that the secular hostility of the two great nations is nearly at an end.

* * *

THE evidence of the Turkish Government's guilt in Armenia becomes more damning daily. The shallow plea that the Turkish soldiers were suppressing an insurrection is no palliation of the atrocious crimes committed in the Sassoun district. Not since the massacres which led to the Grecian war of independence has there been such an atrocious and abominable abuse of the weak and defenceless.

* * *

THAT the United States is to send a commissioner to inquire into this ghastly scandal seems to arouse some surprise in Europe. The Paris *Temps* criticises President Cleveland for interfering in "entangling European politics." The answer is a ready one. The United States cannot refuse to listen to the cries of thousands of its naturalized citizens, whose relatives are from time to time butchered by the cowardly Turks. Nor should the conduct of any country with regard to Turkey be regarded as a precedent. The Turk is an excrescence upon civilization, and the treatment of him should be exceptional.

* * *

THE revival of the Socialistic agitation all over Europe is apparently in obedience to a common watchword. In Italy the party is on the threshold of revolution. The least movement may precipitate it into civil war. In Spain, too, the excitement is full of danger.

* * *

IT is impossible not to sympathize with the German Socialists in their struggle against the oppressive legislation proposed by the Imperialists. No tyrant of old times ever tried to assume powers more arbitrary than those which the upstart Hohenzollern would take on if he could. It was an unlucky day for the Empire when that law which intends to give a judge power to proceed against persons whom he suspects of planning revolution was promulgated.

* * *

THE better class of German Socialists is made up of practical Republicans, whose doctrines would not, if put in practice, be one-half as dangerous to the State as the Emperor's Imperialism already has been. With the great cities of the Empire all represented by these militant and highly intelligent Republicans, and with a formidable campaign going on among the farmers, it behooves the inexperienced Emperor to act with extreme prudence.

* * *

THE young Czar is showing a desire to be liberal, especially in matters of education. But all his concessions will be unavailing unless he concedes the one great and ardently desired thing—a parliamentary government. Autocracy is out of date.

* * *

LORD ROSEBERY'S policy has met with a little check. The Liberals have lost in recent elections, and the Conservatives are becoming very confident again. Should the Premier be overthrown in the coming session of Parliament, the face of England's newly inaugurated foreign policy might suffer a sweeping change.

* * *

RUMOR has once more associated Rosebery's name with that of a noble lady. This time the person whom he is said to think of marrying is Lady Angela Erskine, the only unmarried sister of the Countess of Warwick. A touch of romance is added to the story by the announcement that Lady Angela is already engaged, but that her relatives are exerting great influence to make her accept Rosebery.

* * *

THE death of M. de Lesseps, in his retirement at La Chesnaye, in France, removes from contemporary life a great figure which, since the Panama scandal, had possessed mainly a pathetic interest. The general opinion of the European press is that the failures of the "Grand Francais" will be forgotten, and that only the brilliant part of his career will be remembered.

* * *

THE Vienna Maenner Gesangverein sent Emperor Wilhelm a golden ducat as royalty on its performance of his "Song to Aegir." If all the German singing societies in America which have sung the song follow this example, the Emperor will be able to buy his wife several new frocks.

* * *

THE news from the East continues stirring. Japan talks of sending a fleet on to the Yang-tse-Kiang this winter, and seems inclined to abate no jot of her pretensions as to a huge war indemnity. China is already negotiating for vast sums of money, and is evidently reconciled to buy immunity from the valorous little people whom she so lately called "the vermin."

* * *

A COMMOTION has been caused in many fashionable houses in this city and elsewhere throughout the country by the announcement that Uncle Sam, through the medium of his collector at this port, is hunting prominent women smugglers, and proposes when he catches them to publish their names. This is almost awful enough to prevent the dear creatures from trying to get the best of Uncle Sam.

* * *

PARIS journalists who practice the sinuous art of blackmailing will have to be more prudent in future. The way in which certain journals "worked" a large firm of army contractors has led the War Ministry to intervene in the matter, and the result is a series of disclosures which recalls the palmy days of the Panama press scandals. Several journalists of national reputation are implicated.

* * *

THE recent mysterious stabbings in London have caused a veritable reign of terror among London ladies: and even to approach one on the street causes her instantly to run away. A woman veiled in black, whose mania is to stab others of her sex, has appeared and made victims no less than five times within a week in a rich district less than a half-mile square, and has escaped detection. Ladies can hardly be tempted out, even with escorts, after dark.

* * *

AN enterprising Teuton in Berlin has a flying machine with which he frequently makes successful short flights. His invention has as its main feature the close imitation of the bird's wing. A "Flying Society" has recently been formed at Carlsbad, and all its members are learning to soar according to this inventor's method.

* * *

A CERTAIN stock company proposes to erect a model tenement-house in Brooklyn, somewhat after the style of Parisian flats; that is to say, with a central open court, by which ample light and ventilation may be provided. The plot of ground will be seventy-five by two hundred and eight feet, on which a huge six-story stone structure is to be erected, containing over four hundred rooms. The *Scientific American* states that "the frame of the building is to be constructed of iron or steel, and the covering will consist of sheets of corrugated iron. The whole is to be absolutely fire-proof. The building will also be supplied throughout with the most approved sanitary arrangements. The estimated cost of the building is one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. The rooms will be rented in suites of two, three or four, at the rate of three dollars a month for each room. The stock company who expect to supply the capital for this undertaking argue that the tenement-houses are a necessary evil, and that charity should be expended to the end of making them as wholesome as possible. A novel feature of this establishment will be the distinct divisions into which the house is to be divided, in order to provide separate apartments for Germans, Jews and Italians."

* * *

SENATOR VOORHEES' earnest expression of opinion in favor of closure in the Senate will have many echoes. The present rules seem to operate to prevent legislation demanded and needed by the American people. A minority should not be allowed to thwart the will of the nation by means of endless debates.

* * *

A FINANCIAL panic in St. John's, Newfoundland, has caused serious disorders. The Administration is held responsible for the failures, and six thousand people, on the streets, out of work, threaten riot.

* * *

THE new remedy for diphtheria comes to this country guaranteed by the Pasteur Institute and by some of the best investigators in Germany. The finding of the process of inoculation of patients suffering from diphtheria with prepared serum, extracted from the blood of horses, is due to the researches of Dr. Roux and one of his pupils, who had aided Pasteur when he was at work on the remedy for hydrophobic tendencies.

* * *

TESTED for more than three years in Paris hospitals, the universal belief among foreign physicians is that only an infinitesimal per cent of cases treated with the serum are lost. It is estimated that thirty thousand lives of children will be saved annually in France by this beneficent discovery. Think what a vast number of little lives it will save here every year!

* * *

IN France a public subscription amounting to nearly one hundred thousand dollars has been raised for supplying the serum free to children of the poorer classes, and for creating depots of it all over the country. I am glad to see that a similar movement is in progress here. Dr. Roux will have the gratitude of tens of thousands of loving mothers, for he literally rescues their little ones from the embrace of death.

* * *

RICHNESS of stage costumes is becoming a greater factor than ever in the success of pieces in our local theatres. We shall soon be talking—if luxury like that displayed in the "Masqueraders" and "Gismonda" continues—of "plays in five changes of dress" instead of "in five acts."

* * *

SPAIN has just announced for the ten-thousandth time that she will spend her last dollar and shed her last drop of blood before she will give up Cuba. "Nobody asked you, sir, she said."

* * *

WHAT is the matter with Germany? Why does she persist in trying to bar out American products, when by the showing of her own statistics there has been a wonderful increase in the volume of her exportations to this country?

* * *

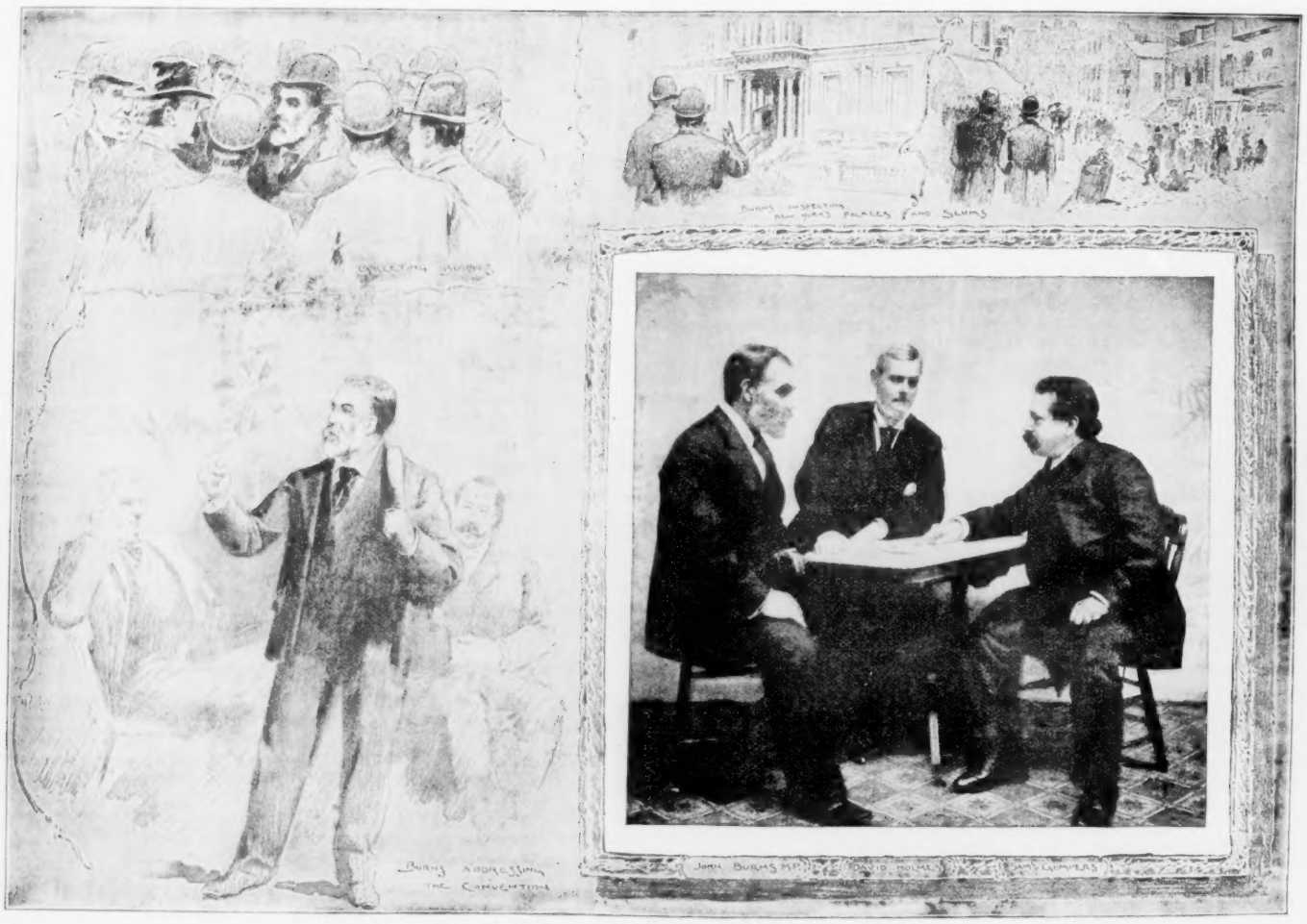
LORD DUNRAVEN'S challenge for the America's cup has arrived. He proposes to send a new eighty-nine-foot Valkyrie to compete, and he would most likely have the same luck as before. But there may not be any race at all, as the New York Yacht Club's decision that the America's cup, if won by Dunraven, must be held by the Royal Yacht Squadron under the terms of the so-called new "deed of gift" may kill the international yacht racing.

* * *

AN old New York tugboat man, named William H. Reeve, has invented and patented a plan for repelling train robbers by discharging jets of steam upon the attacking parties. The patent provides for running steam pipes along the boiler, one on either side from the cab forward. The ends of the pipes are supplied with small nozzles so formed that jets of steam may be projected through them a distance of fifty or sixty feet. It is claimed that these would prevent any person from approaching nearer than this distance. Similar pipes could be run to the rear of the train and be supplied with nozzles, rendering it impossible for any one to reach the rear platform. Other pipes could be arranged at the car doors, while by the use of flexible pipes or hose the steam could be carried and discharged from the windows at will.

* * *

A CALIFORNIA farmer, David Lubin by name, has come East to arouse interest in his new idea for putting agriculture on equal terms with manufacturing by paying farmers bounties on the export of their staples. But what fund does he propose to have Government use for paying these bounties?



JOHN BURNS, M.P., AT THE LABOR CONFERENCE AT DENVER.

(See page 14.)

THE LATE FERDINAND DE LESSEPS AND SOME OF HIS CHILDREN IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

(See page 7.)

CONGRESSMAN J. H. BROMWELL, OHIO.

CONGRESSMAN G. W. FARIS, INDIANA.

CONGRESSMAN J. F. LACEY, IOWA.

CONGRESSMAN R. W. BLUE, KANSAS.

CONGRESSMAN J. P. HEATWOLE, MINNESOTA.

CONGRESSMAN O. W. UNDERWOOD, ALABAMA.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL GALLERY.

PORTRAITS OF MEMBERS OF THE FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.—No. 1.

(See page 14.)

LOVE.

It was not the bloom on the flower;
It was not the thrush in the brake;
Nor the shimmer of dawn, creeping over
The mountain, the valley, the lake.
It was not the song where the lark flies,
Nor the quail piping low in the corn—
'Twas the glamour of love in her dark eyes
That made up the beauty of morn.

It was not the world, calmly sleeping
In her glistening mantle of dew;
It was not the wind, softly sweeping
Lullabies from the willow and yew;
It was not the lake, palely gleaming
To silver beneath the moon's light—
'Twas the love in her eyes darkly beaming
That made up the beauty of night.

—Lewis Vital Bray.

THE LITTLE GOLD WHISTLE.

"GOOD-BY, my dearest! I swear never more to darken these doors. Never by volition of mine shall I again cross that threshold."

"If you truly loved me, Staunton, you would remain and bear the restrictions, 'the severity,' as you call it. You would learn to bridle your too ready tongue, curb your arrogant temper and submit to your father's will."

"If you loved me, you would promise what I ask—come to me whenever I shall call—come and be my wife."

"I love you faithfully, as you well know; but duty and gratitude hold me here as surely as they should hold you."

"To be dictated to, questioned, called to account? Not to be allowed one night away without a why and a wherefore; to have irksome hours forced upon me and to be scolded like a child if I disobey their many rules and regulations! You surely forget my age; that I am a man, not a puppet of clay."

"So much anger, so many hard words, such pain and heart-break, simply that you may show that you have attained your majority!"

"Simply that I may be a free agent, not a machine."

"Renouncing prospects, home, friends and—me!"

"Not you, Agnes; I shall carve out a way for myself; I shall make a new home. You will come to me there, my darling?"

"No, Staunton; you must marry me here, in the home I love—my home and yours."

The man's face clouded: "It cannot be; too many bitter words have passed on either side. I have sworn never to darken these doors again. You must join me, Agnes."

The girl drew herself away from his detaining arm: "It must be here or not at all, Staunton. Here, where I have been reared, I will be married, and go forth with your parents' blessing—or I shall never be a wife."

Staunton Ramsay grew angry. Word followed word between them; so it was that they parted on that lovely night in December, long ago—out under the Southern skies, while the heavens, throbbing with the march of myriad star worlds, hung over them, purple in immensity of distance.

Agnes lingered until the last echo of his angry footsteps died away. She had fought a battle with her heart and won; she would be brave and true—to her home as well as to her love. She would hope and wait. And so she took up her burden of life, this willowy girl of twenty, with violet eyes and rose-leaf skin showing fair in its setting of heavy black braids, wound coronet-wise about her shapely head.

Ten years before she had first entered the portals of Holme-Leigh. Left an orphan, she was taken to the hearts and home of her father's only brother and his wife. There she became the star of the household. Staunton, five years her senior, was her devoted knight, while Rob, just her own age, and baby Ethel completed the family. Then the baby died; but when Agnes was thirteen Edna was born—the dearest, youngest member of the Ramsay household. It represented many varying personalities, yet they fitted in and accommodated themselves to each other—all except Staunton. He was aggressive, pronounced, independent; hating control and rebelling against set rules. There was always friction between himself and his father, who maintained much of the old Scotch rigor in family discipline. Unfortunately, this eldest son was expected to live at home, upon his income; to consult over stocks, bonds and investments, to be in such close touch with his father as to demand perfect harmony between them, while his position could but accentuate every disagreement. Rob was to be a physician—his interests would lie on the outside; but Staunton was ever at home, and as his years grew, became more individual, more self-assertive. The trouble between father and son culminated at last; the heir went forth into the world to do for himself, leaving everything behind him and swearing that of his own free will he would never return.

Staunton Ramsay took the midnight train for New Orleans. He possessed some bills, a handful of loose silver, a bankbook with a small sum to his credit, his watch and a tiny gold whistle—a gift from Agnes. Only these; for he had put on his hat and walked out in anger, and angry he was still—with his father, his mother and himself, but most of all with Agnes.

The train sped on through level prairies, by silent farmhouses, by river and swamp and past a village here and there; the morning broke and Christmas Day dawned—the very first Christmas he had ever known without its merry greeting from loving hearts and kindly voices.

The Ramsay household took up its life in much the same old way. That first Christmas was sad and hard to one and all; but good and strong stuff was in their make-up and each helped the other bear the pain with a bright face if not a truly joyous heart. Only seven-year old Edna kept asking for Staunton, wondering where was the big doll he had promised; but even her inquiry ceased when Agnes found the gift in his wardrobe, safely wrapped in its tissue-papers, waiting for Christmas Day.

Agnes endeavored to fill Staunton's place with Mr. Ramsay. He turned to her naturally; she took up the burden where his son had laid it down, until without specified intention, without asserting her mission, she gradually became her uncle's competent woman of business. No word had come from the wanderer; his arrival in New Orleans was all they knew, and Agnes placed among her treasures the paper containing the registry of his name. She thought of him always, she loved him ever, but she spoke of him seldom, and then only to Mrs. Ramsay in the privacy of the "Mother's Room"—the most sacred apartment in every house.

So passed the years. Rob had graduated in his profession, enjoying an increasing practice and devoting all his spare time to courting pretty Frances Etting, with her bonny brown eyes and curly gold hair. Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay, hale and hearty, comfortable in looks as well as means, were as pronounced, as rigorous in their rules and regulations as ever; but, with those allowed, as kind and loving as parents could be. No one save Agnes knew how they longed for their eldest born, but no sign had they received that he even lived. "The world is wide," said the father to his wife; "we cannot see across continents, but I know that he lives; the lad will yet come home to us and all be well."

Edna, now seventeen, was pretty and piquant, a little spoiled by her father and much indulged by Agnes, who always stood between her and too severe maternal discipline. So the girl looked to her for every pleasure and appealed to her in every trouble.

"Please, Agnes, manage it. Mamma says *no*—no company this year, she is not equal to it; but she will do it for you, I know!"

"For Christmas Eve, Edna?"

"Yes, please; not many—only Frances for Rob and Harry for me" (with a deeper glow upon her cheek as she calls the name), "John and True, Sissy and Ed—four couples of young people. You must invite the Doctor and his wife for whist with papa and mamma. Ben Pendergast will play for us to dance, and oh! Agnes, some nice fellow to entertain you and help you make egg-nog."

Agnes laughed and then sighed: "Never mind the 'nice fellows,' dear; I've outgrown them. Go and write your notes; I will make it all right with mamma."

And she did—wondering in her heart, even while she talked, if Staunton would never return and give her once more a happy Christmas.

The Ramsay homestead, at one time an outlying farm near a pretty town, was now in one of the most fashionable "additions" to that "city." As the town developed into a manufacturing centre, the demand for suburban property increased; so the farm was cut up and sold out for villa sites, reserving a large portion for a park and stately avenue of trees leading up to the house, with its pillared porticoes and graceful sweep of steps.

"Agnes managed it," Edna confided to Rob that night. "I do love company and dancing, but the old folks seem to get more cranky every year and more determined to live to themselves."

Rob pretended to pull her pretty ear: "That's treason to the powers that be, little sister, and I won't have it."

"It's true, nevertheless; but won't you come with me, Rob? I want to go in the woods and gather my own holly and Christmas-berry."

"Not I; take Harry to help you."

And laughing at her emphatic "I only wish I could!" he rode off on a round of visits to his sick people.

It matters not who did or who did not assist Edna in gathering her woodland wealth of vines and berries—the double parlors were veritable fairy bowers when the guests assembled there on Christmas Eve. Branches of mistletoe tied with white ribbons hung from the great chandelier in the centre of the room—where the cut-glass pendants simulated the icicles which in northern climes belong to the season. Gray moss festooned the arches between the rooms, caught up by brilliant bouquets of burning-bush and Christmas-berry. Wreaths of holly outlined every window casement, while mirrors and picture frames were twined with the black, orange and scarlet clusters of raccoon and wax-berries. The Southern woods yield rare treasures, so the house was royally decorated. In the deep fireplaces oak and pine logs were piled high, the flames dancing and crackling in their glee, throwing out a splendor of firelight upon the delicately tinted walls.

Agnes sighed as she saw to all being ready for the guests. It was the first real company they had had since Staunton left them. Edna had often gathered her childish companions about her, but not like this; it jarred upon the heart of the woman who had remained so true to the first love of her life. "I wonder if he will ever return," she murmured to herself. Then, forcing back the tears from her eyes and the pain to her heart, where no one could see, she arranged the whist table, opened the piano, turned up the lights, and drawing an arm-chair in front of the fire, settled herself for a moment's quiet thought before the guests should arrive. Very attractive she looked in her lace draperies, held at the bust with one perfect japonica flower, while another gave additional beauty to her coronal of braided hair. Time seemed to have stood still for her, in spite of the sorrow of the last ten years—longing for a voice she never heard, a presence that never came.

Right merrily the evening wore away. There was much chatter of gladsome voices, a ringing of happy laughter, the gay sound of music with lightsome steps keeping time, and the frou-frou of silks and laces as the girls turned and floated in the dance. The quartet at whist scored their points and made their play, looking off from the game now and then at the young people in the next room, while poor, crippled Ben Pendergast forgot his misfortune as he played in perfect time his lovely waltz melodies. Agnes was the only one alone, but, busy with the happiness of others, remembered not that she was lonely.

The bronze Cupid upon the dining-room mantle struck his golden arrow once against the flower bell swung above his head, telling that it was half-past eleven. Agnes beat the frothing eggs more rapidly, calling to the maid: "Hurry with the milk, Phyllis; I am almost ready. Tell me when it is about to boil."

Presently came the response: "*Now*, Miss Agnes; am you ready, mum?"

The boiling milk was poured into the delicious compound of eggs, sugar, brandy and nutmeg; the great punch-bowl of creamy egg-nog stood waiting for the guests, who, leaving card-table and dance, came crowding in with laughter and merry words. The glasses were filled; the head of the house raised his, and, bowing with old-time courtesy, said:

"I drink to all! The clock is on the stroke. I wish every one a Merry Christmas."

Cupid sounded the first stroke of midnight, every voice echoed "Merry Christmas!" when the glass fell from Agnes's hand as if it had been stricken—and loud, long and entreatingly sounded the note of a whistle upon the outer air.

"Staunton! Staunton!" she cried. "It is my little gold whistle!"

With hurrying feet every one followed her to the great hall door, throwing it wide and flooding the garden with light; but no one was there! The faint hum of the city afar off could be heard: the rush of an electric car a quarter of a mile away fell upon the ear, but search as they would no sign of a human being could be discerned. Rob went down the full length of the avenue. Mr. Ramsay looked through the entire premises. Even the negroes, frolicking in their own apartment, had heard the call, and the butler and the cook, both old servants of the family, recognized it as "Miss Agnes's little gold whistle dat Mas' Staunton sure blowed when he was a-coming home."

Disappointed, worried, shaken, the family and guests returned to the dining-room; but even as the hall door closed, the whistle sounded again, but faint and low, quavering, broken and reproachful. Agnes listened until the last note died away, then snatching up a shawl, she wrapped it about her and sped down the avenue, closely followed by Rob, buttoning his overcoat as he ran. Agnes seemed sure of the source of the call; without a pause she rushed on, stopping at last at the nearest point passed by the cars.

"Where are you going, Agnes?" panted Rob, as he overtook her.

"On the car, to the depot—the midnight train."

"But, my dear, if Staunton is there he will come to us."

"No—oh, no! he cannot. It was his soul that called us. He is hurt; I know it. I must go to him."

So excited was she that Rob would not argue with her nor cross her, but assisted her into the car and accompanied her on to the depot. Never a word spoke Agnes, but seemed intently listening; her face was that of one looking far away and seeing things which others could not view.

The depot at last—a crowd and moving lights—a confusion of tongues and figures—but through it all without hesitation she walked directly to a platform a little distance down the track—past forms still in death or palpitating in pain, or others wrapped in unconsciousness. By one of these she stopped, and dropping upon her knees, bent over the pale face.

"Staunton, Staunton, you are here at last!"

No word of reply came, and Rob raised her as a physician stepped up and explained that this traveler seemed to be stunned—he could see no injury nor hurt; he would be able to restore him to consciousness before long, he hoped. Then, while Agnes, forgetful of her evening finery, with the japonicas still in her hair and on her breast, bathed the face and chafed the hands of Staunton Ramsay, they heard the story of the wreck. This was an express which did not stop at that point. The way should have been open, but—no one knew how—a misplaced switch, a neglectful yard hand, something or somebody was to blame, but an engine and tender stood on what should have been a clear track. Down thundered the express, to pass before the midnight local should be due—and this was the result.

"And Staunton was on that express!" exclaimed Rob. "Agnes, he was not coming home!"

Picking up the pocketbook which had fallen from his brother's coat he drew from beneath its outer strap the folded railroad ticket. It read to a distant city.

"Look, Agnes; he did not intend stopping; he would have passed us by without a sign." And the young physician smiled, somewhat bitterly, as he aided his confrere in administering restoratives.

Agnes remembered the angry words of ten years ago: "Never by volition of mine shall I again cross that threshold." She bent over him and murmured:

"But a power stronger than even *your* will brought you, Staunton. Your spirit called to us and guided me here," and she touched the little golden trinket hanging from his watch-chain.

Slowly consciousness returned. When at last Staunton could recognize who were around him he smiled gratefully in their faces.

"It is better than I deserve. I was not coming home; but as the crash came I longed passionately for Agnes, thinking if she could but come to me."

Then Staunton fainted once more, and the doctors consulted gravely. Again brandy was given him, and a messenger dispatched to Holme-Leigh that they might have his bedroom in readiness.

It was a long while before they could venture to move their patient, but at last they were taking him home—driving slowly through the silent streets, up the long avenue, to the door of the house which was his, but which he had striven to forget and endeavored to pass by.

Out from its portals came his gray-haired parents to receive him—tenderly strong hands helped him up the stair, into his own room, disrobed him, and laid him down upon his bed where he had slept a boy's sound sleep. Then as his mother bent over him, crying and caressing her first-born, the bells pealed out "Peace on Earth! Good-will to Men!" for daylight was breaking and Christmas morn had dawned, finding thankfulness and joy in the hearts of those who had sorrowed—but not without hope, retaining ever their faith and love.

So it was that the erring one was brought home on Christmas Day—back to forgiveness, peace and joy. The lives of others needed his personality to complete the perfect whole of their existence—for man's will is ever ruled by that "Destiny which shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may."

Lee C. Harby.

The guaranteed cure for all headaches is
Bromo-Seltzer—trial bottle 10 cts.

For upward of fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children with never-failing success. It corrects acidity of the stomach, relieves wind colic, regulates the bowels, cures diarrhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. An old and well-tried remedy. Twenty-five cts. a bottle.

DEATH OF M. DE LESSEPS.

COUNT FERDINAND DE LESSEPS died on the afternoon of December 7, at his country home, the chateau of La Chesnaye, near Vatan, in the department of the Loire, in France. He succumbed to old age, ignorant of the melancholy fact that "the Panama trial," which wrecked so many lesser men, had brought him a sentence, withheld from fulfillment, to five years' imprisonment.

M. de Lesseps was born November 19, 1805, at Versailles, and was educated for the Consular service. His mother was a daughter of Senor Grevigny, a nobleman of Andalusia. Her sister married a Mr. Kirkpatrick, a Scotch-American, U. S. Consul at Malaga, and her daughter subsequently married Count de Montijo, and became the mother of the Empress Eugenie. The cousinship of the Empress of the French was of great use to M. de Lesseps when engaged in his enterprises in Egypt.

During his Consular career in the Orient, M. de Lesseps remained in Egypt seven years, and there married Mdlle. Delamalle, the mother of Charles and Victor de Lesseps. In 1842 his heroic conduct as French Consul during the siege of Barcelona commanded the attention of all Europe. With the advent of the Second Empire his diplomatic career closed, and he bent his energies upon the idea of cutting the Suez Canal—a project of world-wide utility.

Against the fierce opposition of Turkey and England he succeeded in putting through the canal, which was inaugurated in 1869, when he was sixty-five years old. It shortened the practicable distance between Europe and India by three thousand miles.

Ambition led the venerable engineer to start a great enterprise for cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Panama. The company formed for this undertaking went down in ruin, dragging thousands of small investors with it. The result was the Panama trials, the imprisonment of Charles de Lesseps, the sentence of his father, and a financial and political cataclysm which nearly wrecked the French Republic at the time of these events.

Surrounded by his second family of a dozen children, and soothed by the care of a devoted young wife, the "Grand Francais" went down to the tomb esteemed, despite his misfortunes, and beloved.

Academician, president of the Geographical Society of France, patron of a hundred societies, he was one of the typical great men of his country and of the century.

DE LESSEPS AS REMEMBERED BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM

Those who knew Ferdinand de Lesseps intimately will like best to remember him as he was when he lived in the handsome *appartement* up three flights of stairs, in the dark and elegant old Rue Saint Florentin, not far from the Tuileries in Paris. That was his happiest epoch, and probably the one upon which he looked back—if backward glimpses were possible through the mists of accumulated years—with most satisfaction.

He had not yet contemplated the building of the new and elaborate mansion in the Avenue Montaigne—and he perhaps expected to finish his life in this pleasant home, which he and his family left only when they wanted the calm and freshness of their country retreat at La Chesnaye. The salon was an old-fashioned room with gloomy plafond and with deep window recesses; and you were admitted to it only after a lynx-eyed servant—usually an elderly woman plainly dressed in gray—had taken careful note of you.

Once recognized as one of the familiars of the household, you were allowed to pass, by one of those corkscrew corridors for which Parisian *appartements* are famous, into the dining-room, whence you could reach the small study at an angle of the house, where M. de Lesseps was to be seen after eleven o'clock, and in which he occasionally gave a breakfast party. The salon was sumptuously furnished with divans and numerous tapestries and carpets which reminded one of the owner's many residences in the East; and there, on one evening each week, Madame de Lesseps received her friends and the innumerable celebrities who thought that they could not pass through Paris without calling on the "great canal-cutter."

At these receptions there was usually a strong sprinkling of Americans from both North and South America. The children were banished: the master of the house spent an hour or so in cheerful conversation with his guests, and usually told some very good anecdotes—none of which were old.

His *verve* and gayety were remarkable in one who had long ago passed the allotted age of man. Much of his matchless energy was communicated to his children; and the family thought it nothing strange when the great engineer took his young daughter, then a merry damsel of thirteen, and, putting their combined baggage into a small valise, started for Marseilles at a few hours' notice, thence to sail for Africa for a five hundred-mile horseback jaunt of observation through a wild country. Father and daughter came back not only unhurt and free from fatigue, but positively refreshed by this colossal outing, the girl making nothing of an expedition on horseback which would have appalled many a young man.

At seventy-eight or seventy-nine M. de Lesseps certainly was as vigorous as most well-preserved Englishmen of sixty. The only time when he showed age was in the morning, in the receptions before breakfast—the eleven o'clock *dejeuner* of Paris—in his study. Then it was easy to see that the carefully dressed man with the pale face and white hair, but alert and burning eyes, was very old; the poise of the head showed it; the movements of the limbs testified to it.

But his magnificent energy and enthusiasm flashed out at a moment's notice, and transformed the veteran so that, when relating some episode in his own life or in the career of an illustrious man whom he had known, he was as active and animated as a boy of twenty.

In business matters he was invariably serious, dignified and full of refined courtesy. His manners were those of a diplomat rather than of a business man. In his treatment of strangers who came to see him out of curiosity he was invariably amiable, even though they took up his time without rhyme or reason. He was eminently practical, and abominated *viveurs*, rounders, guzzlers and parasites. He regarded life as a trust, which one was bound to execute to the letter, without any loss of time or opportunity.

THE LATE FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

It is strange that with his power of analyzing a man's character by looking at him, he should have been entrapped into the hideous corruption which resulted in the scandalous Panama Canal process, with all its burden of woe and crime.

Very quaint and charming was the spectacle in the *salle a manger* when the table was laid for the breakfast of the numerous squad of little De Lesseps, their mamma, their governesses, and the various pets which they insisted upon bringing with them. A stranger, unaware of the fact that the veteran engineer had a family which in number rivaled those of patriarchal days, if he happened to pass through this room en route for the study, stared at the many small blue plates, and the little cups and knives and forks all exactly alike.

He would have stared still more had he seen the old man taking his seat at the head of the table, and listening with a pleased smile to the confused babble of childish tongues, and the great number of demands for bread, for wine, for other things which, in clear childish treble, sounded not unlike the chirruping of young swallows just learning to fly. At this table M. de Lesseps looked patriarchal in the grand Biblical sense. I like always to think of him as clad in flowing robes, and blessing one of his children at the door of his tent.

The study was a curious place, crammed with interesting documents and letters from almost every important personage in Europe. The amount and variety of the old engineer's correspondence was incredible. Answers were dispatched in the early morning hours: for M. de Lesseps worked while others slept. In those days, when he was just beginning to be called the "Grand Francais," he went everywhere in society. He once said to me, "I go because I have not the time to refuse."

Emile de Girardin said that he kept a carriage because he was too poor to walk; M. de Lesseps was too poor in time to waste it in polite refusals. He went to dinner parties, public meetings, balls and receptions, unwearied. The dazzling star of his decoration of Grand Officier shone in every noted assemblage.

No old man, not even Auber, cherished by the ladies, was ever more popular with the fair sex than De Lesseps. He had the delicacy of manner which they like, and which helped them to worship his achievements. He was not popular merely because he was the maker of the Suez Canal and was trying to unite the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, but because he was De Lesseps. He might have been President, for the asking, at one time. Then came calamity, and clawed him in its clutch. Many ladies who thought him charming never associated him with business. He was the cousin of the Empress Eugenie, and when in power she lavished favors upon him, not because she cared for the Suez Canal, but because she liked the old man (remember that he was already old before he began the work of his life). Recognition came much quicker to him than it would have come had he not had a friend at Court. The presence of the Empress at the fêtes of the dedication in 1869 put the seal of fashionable approval upon his renown. He rewarded Eugenie by giving her some excellent advice on that dread day when she saw the Imperial power crumbling into ruins around her, and when flight was her only resource. M. de Lesseps and Victorien Sardou were the only prominent Frenchmen who had the courage to call upon her at that awful hour. Perhaps M. de Lesseps would have been called the "Grand Francais" a little earlier under the Republican regime, had it not been for the belief of many zealous patriots that he was an Imperialist at heart. I believe that he had rallied sincerely to the Republic, and that he knew the impossibility of any other government in France.

M. de Lesseps, like most men of very advanced age, had a fashion of taking little "cat naps" at odd hours. He used to speak frankly of them, and to say that they gave him great refreshment. At a committee meeting he would deliberately pick a time when the dull routine work was going on, and his eyes would close and his head would fall forward on his shoulder. But the moment any important business was announced, he would sit bolt upright and rivet his gaze upon the speaker. At a dinner party he might always be seen catnapping at the period just preceding the arrival of the champagne and the advent of the toasts. He was getting ready—storing up energy. You could not say of him that he was an ornate or graceful speaker; but he was energetic and had the Parisian quickness for upsetting an opponent with a *bon mot*. On occasions when he had uttered a bright witticism he stopped speaking, gazed intently and smiled, as if watching the flight of his arrow, which rarely failed to hit its mark.

He had one remarkable peculiarity. Never would he allow any one to insinuate in his presence, without immediate and forcible contradiction, that an enterprise of his could be beaten or defeated. If a bit of crushing news concerning the new Panama enterprise was hurled at him, he caught it on the fly, saying: "This is the best thing which could have happened to us. Everything will come out right! You will soon see!" Canards flew harmlessly above his head; stock-broking rumors fell away from him like water from a duck's back. He was a magnificent optimist.

Perhaps those who wrecked the Panama project and brought humiliation to him in his old age took advantage of his well-known leaning toward optimism. He believed that in enterprises the energy of the leader is the main factor in success. But he forgot that the integrity of the followers must necessarily have something to do with it.

As president of the French Geographical Society M. de Lesseps made a good impression. The renown which the achievement in Egypt gave him was reflected upon the society, which has in its ranks many noted travelers and some explorers of first-class rank. It is doubtless to the prestige of M. de Lesseps that the French owe the ease with which they got a vast territory, almost as large as the United States, in Africa, alongside the Congo State, when the fortunes of that creation, due to Stanley's genius, were under consideration at Berlin.

It is curious that the English have never thought of erecting a monument to the genius of the man who shortened the practicable distance to India from Western Europe by nearly four thousand miles.

Perhaps they appreciate the fact that the old man's work in cutting those eighty-eight miles from Suez to Port Said greatly increased the probabilities of a grand general war in the Mediterranean at no very distant day.

It was a serious privation for M. de Lesseps when he was obliged to give up riding and driving with his bevy of little ones. For many years a familiar scene in the bright mornings in the Bois was the cavalcade of the breezy-faced old man, with the slim, half-grown daughters on tall, raw-boned horses, and the little ones on ponies, galloping through the leafy avenues as if they were on a fox-hunt. One day the venerable equestrian was picked up under his horse on the Champs Elysées, and every one thought that he was dead. But he was all right in a few minutes, and insisted on walking home.

Finally came the years of strain and stress, and the Panama tragedy. They say that the details have been kept from him, but that is hardly possible. The fate of his son Charles must have been no secret for him. Strange that he should have one son almost three score, and another one hardly old enough to talk plainly.

In the second childhood which came to him, perhaps he sometimes confounded the identities of his children. Old age plays strange tricks, and the material world fades away as one approaches the portals of the immaterial and eternal one.

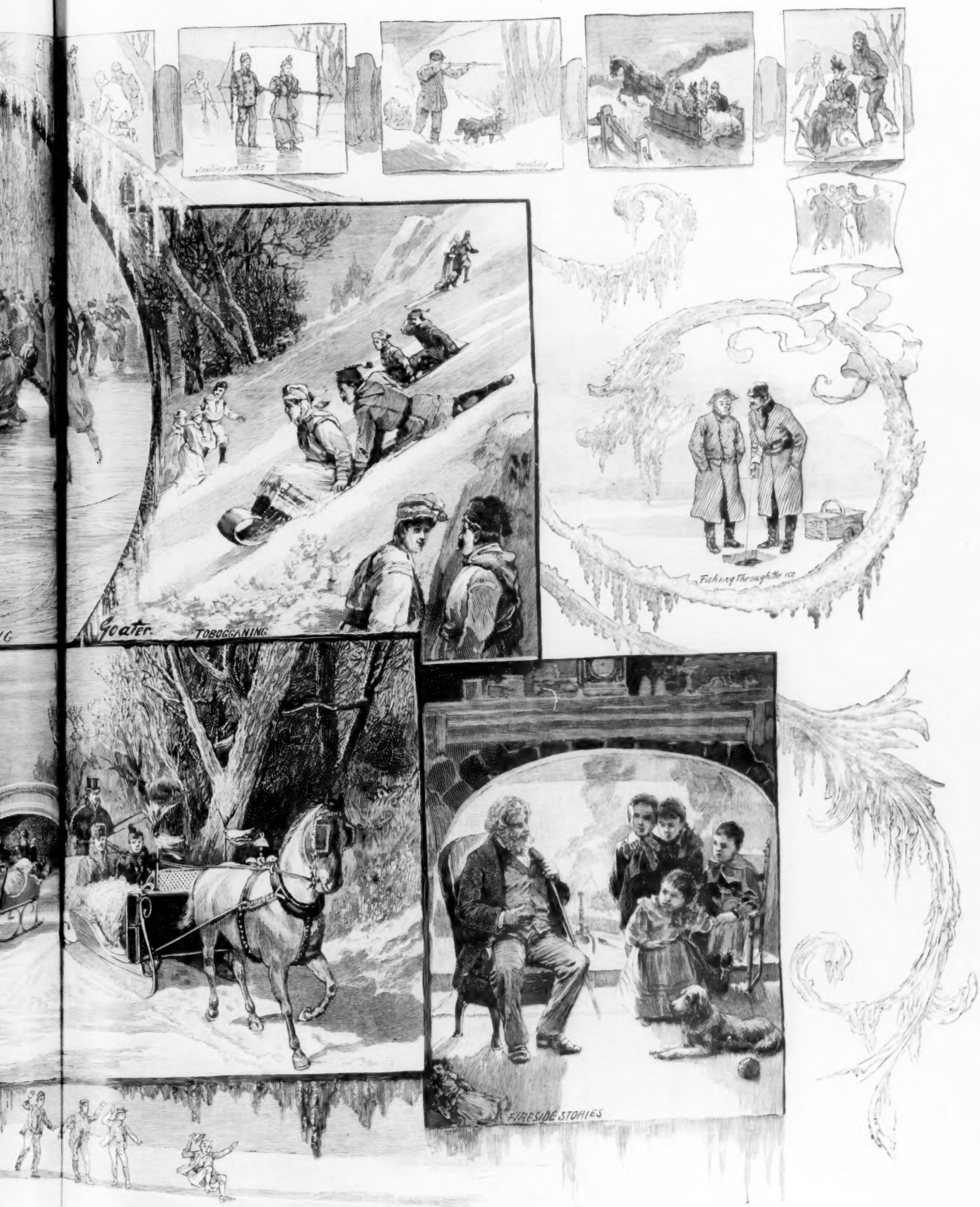
EDWARD KING.

RAILROAD TRAIN FIRST, BICYCLE SECOND, RUNNING HORSE THIRD.

Jonsson's time of 1.35.25 for a mile ranks second fastest of any method of progression. Engine No. 999 of the Empire State Express covered a mile over the New York Central tracks between Crittenden and Wende, N. Y., on May 10, 1893, in 32 seconds, being the record for the distance. Salvator, the great running horse, ran a mile in 1.35.1-2 on the Monmouth track, August 28, 1890. In no other class of sport has the two-minute mark been beaten under fair conditions. The pacing record for a mile is 2.01 1-2 made by Robert J., while the fastest trotting figures were made by Alix at Galesburg, recently, 2.01 3-4.—*From the Bicycling World.*

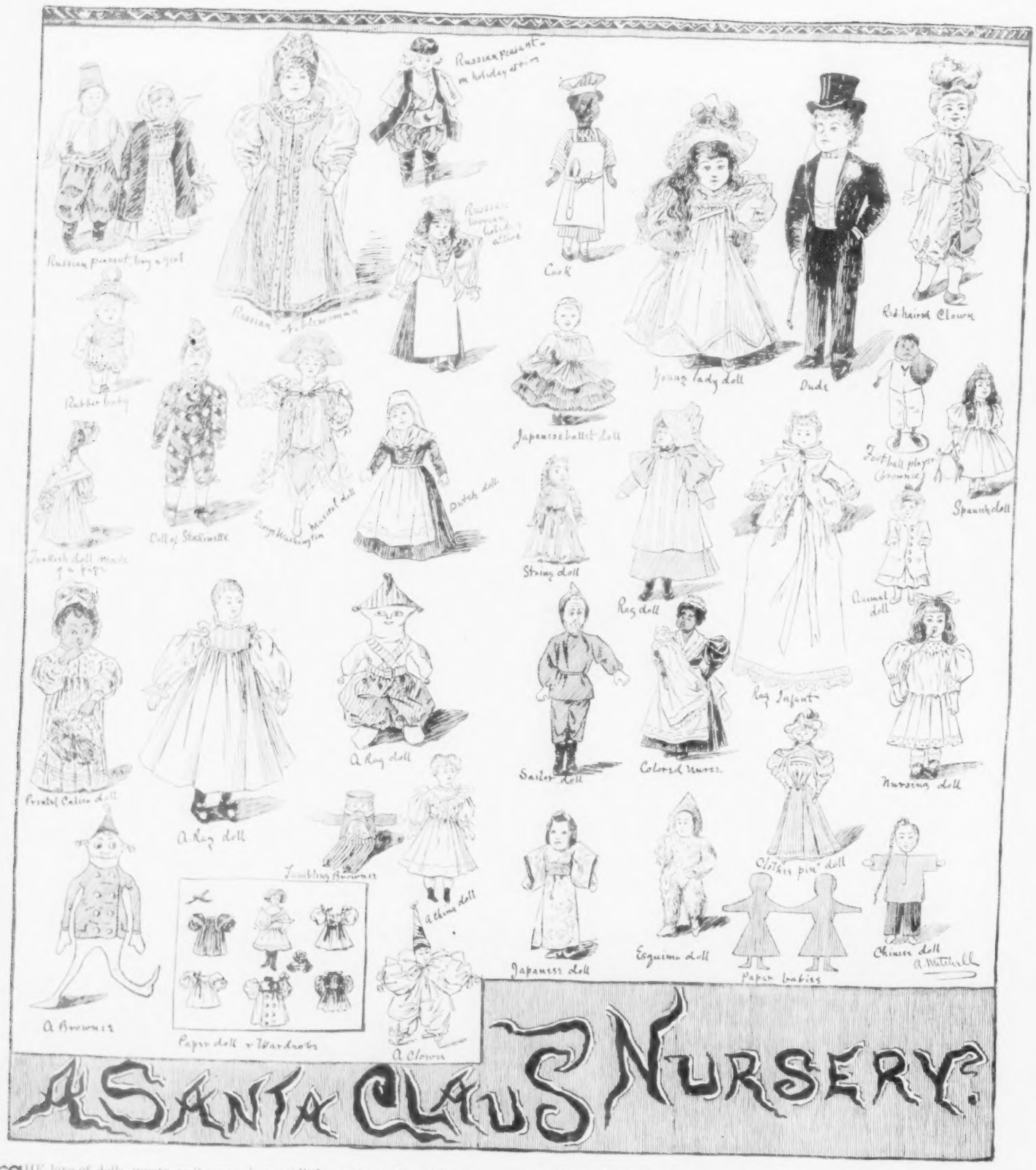
WINTER SPORTS IN CANADA

(Drawn specially for Once



ANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

pecially for ONCE A WEEK by GOATER.)



A SANTA CLAUS NURSERY.

THE love of dolls, innate, as it seems, in most little girls, frequently endures long after the nursery has been left behind, and there are many grown women, including the present writer, who are not ashamed to confess the fondness they have retained for these most beloved playthings of their childhood. But, like everything else in this most progressive age, the *fin de siècle* doll has far outdistanced her prototype of even a quarter of a century ago, and we who once were amply satisfied to own two or three varieties of the species, must look with astonishment at the large families of dolls of which the younger generation of to-day are the proud and happy possessors. A walk through the city toy shops during Christmas week reveals to the intending purchaser a quite bewildering display of dolls that are not only interesting and amusing, but instructive as well, for they are dressed in the costumes of all nations and in the uniforms of every calling. The sketches on this page, executed by the special artist of ONCE A WEEK, give a fair idea of the numerous varieties of dolls offered for sale in New York.

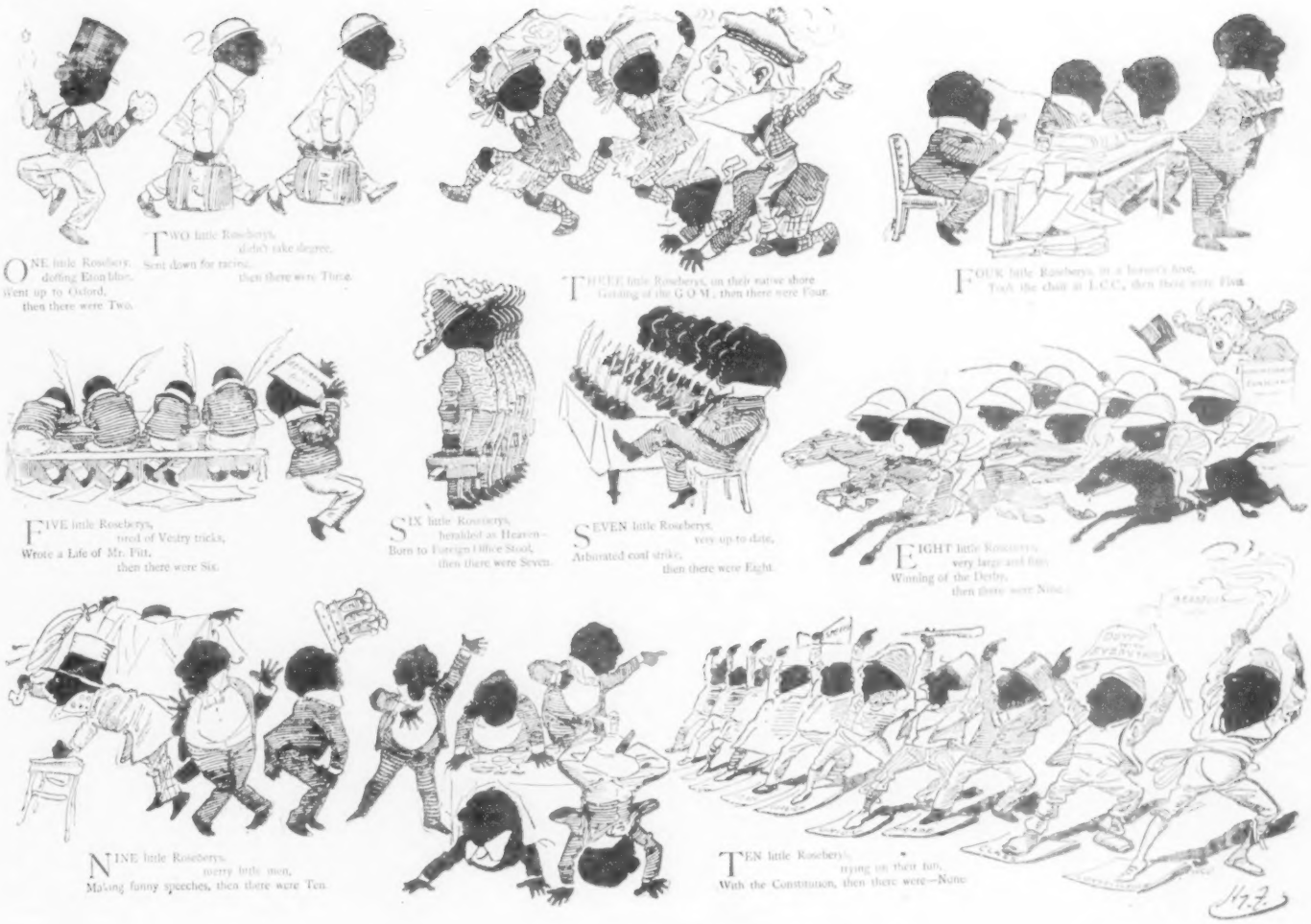
The Russian dolls in the upper left-hand corner of the page are specially interesting, now that Russian affairs occupy such a large share of public attention. The boy and girl standing together represent the middle-class Russians of Middle Russia. The boy wears a white shirt embroidered in red, and a red sash over his green homespun trousers. His cap is of gray felt; his boots are black. The little maid beside him wears a calico frock with a red gathered yoke, over it a yellow apron with a black polka-dot, and over all a long blue coat. Her feet are encased in white stockings and tan moccasins, and a red kerchief covers her head. In her hand she carries a red bag. A Caucasian noblewoman comes next in rich attire. Her gown is of blue satin trimmed with passementerie, and having yoke and sleeves of cream silk. A net veil is fastened to her hair and kept in place by a headdress of gold and pearl. Silk stockings and embroidered shoes complete this gorgeous costume. The little fellow to the right belongs to the middle class, but is dressed in his Sunday best, consisting of a red silk shirt, velvet jacket and cap, striped wool pants and patent leather boots. Below him a girl of the Province Kieff looks festive in a dark skirt, white bodice trimmed with black, a red apron and a hat made of ribbons and flowers.

For the wee tots, who are no respecters of dolls and who occasionally like to use them as footballs, no better investment could be made than in the rubber baby shown here dressed in a knitted shirt and cap, the latter adorned with jingling bells and an ivory ring. Under him is a Turkish doll made of a pipe, the face being painted on the back of the bowl and the turban-shaped head-dress wound round the opening. A funny little boy doll of stockinette comes next. He has bead eyes and a crocheted wool costume in yellow, black and white. The George Washington musical doll to his right is gayly dressed in red, blue and yellow satin trimmed with white lace. His hair is white flax and the big felt hat is blue with tinsel ornaments. He has for a neighbor a quaint little Dutch dolly in a blue homespun gown, with a brown linen apron and white kerchief and cap. The doll with her finger in her mouth is one of the printed calico variety, like the cats and dogs that were such a success last year. If you buy her in the flat state she is very cheap—ten or fifteen cents; but made up, as shown here, and decked out in a blue dress, a white sunbonnet and a pink sunflower, she is worth seventy-five cents. The rag-doll baby beside her is quite a stylish young person in a blue cambric dress which covers fine linen underclothing and a white flannel petticoat. All, including the black stockings and kid shoes, are hand-made, and therefore she sells at two dollars and seventy-five cents.

Another rag-doll baby, with a head of fearful shape, is of white Canton flannel and is queerly dressed in Turkish trousers with cap and bells. The little tumbling Brownie is made of a strip of pasteboard four inches long and joined together so as to make a body and head. His hands are of chamois and his feet of black kid. He is gorgeous in a yellow felt cap edged with ribbon, a chamois vest, paper collar, green coat, red silk necktie, and trousers of striped bed-ticking. A round weight in his inside is ingeniously arranged to make him roll over and over on his head in a very comical fashion. His neighbor is a little white china doll of the old-fashioned type, dressed in India linen trimmed with blue baby ribbons.

A real Palmer Cox Brownie is shown. He rejoices in a yellow face, legs and hands, set off by a green coat and a black hat. Bells adorn his ears and his cap. The expression of his eyes and the shape of his legs are truly Browniesque.

One of the pretty new paper dollies with her outfit, all of paper, is represented here. Her garments being all hand-painted, her price is somewhat high, a dollar



TEN LITTLE ROSEBERYS.

From "Like Joke."

being asked for a set like this. The rag clown in white muslin and pink ribbons may be had for fifty cents, and the cook in striped suit, stiff cap, white apron, yellow stockings, blue shoes and spoon stuck in his belt, costs only thirty-five. The young lady is more expensive, after the manner of young ladies. Her price is eight dollars; but she has lovely real curly hair. Her body is bisque, and she wears a beautiful pale-blue dress and a lace hat trimmed with ostrich feathers. The dude who is in attendance on her is really quite a gentlemanly-looking doll, and he must have a very good tailor, because his price is fifteen dollars. The red-haired clown you can have for seventy-five cents. He is dressed in yellow and red satin with lace trimming, and wears red shoes. The Japanese ballet dancer is gay in blue accordion-plaited chiffon and a white ribbon.

A funny little string doll shown cannot pretend to much beauty, but shows some ingenuity in her construction, being made entirely of string. The rag-doll next her is an old-fashioned little girl in pink calico frock, striped pinafore and starched sunbonnet. The rag infant has a wax head protected with cloth. The little colored football player would be appreciated in households where Yale victories are celebrated. Near him is a little Spanish dancer in a red silk dress and black velvet zouave jacket trimmed with gold. An animal doll is a queer fancy. A sailor in an oilskin suit is a novelty, as also is the colored nurse with her baby. A "clothes-pin" doll can easily be made at home, by painting the head of a clothes-pin to the likeness of a face, sticking on some hair, then covering the rest with a smart frock. The sleeves can be stuffed and hands made of white kid. The nursing doll is an ingenious novelty. The milk really rises from the bottle and runs down her throat, but finds its way back to the bottle again. Japanese dolls are too well known to call for description. An Esquimau doll is more of a rarity. This one has a bisque face and is dressed in white fur. The paper babies shown are of the time-honored pattern we all knew in the nursery. The last doll shown is a Chinese and is made of nuts. An English walnut forms the head and peanuts are used for the hands and feet. The pig-tail is made of a number of black silk threads passed through the walnut-shell, which is first broken in two and emptied and afterward joined with glue. The costume consists of black trousers and a purple shirt.

In the days after Christmas, when so many little ones will have new dolls to dress, the hints conveyed by the sketches on this page will be found useful, as almost any of the costumes here shown can easily be imitated.

For information and courtesies received thanks are due to S. Charles Brothers, the Russian Cottage Industries, Ehrichs Brothers, and the Young Women's Christian Association.

Gwendolen Gay.

GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

THE Burlington Route is the only railway running "Personally Conducted" Excursions via Denver to Colorado Springs, Salt Lake, Ogden, Sacramento, San Francisco, Stockton, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, and Los Angeles at the lowest rates. Pullman tourist sleeping car through without change.

Leave Chicago every Wednesday. Write or call on T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager, 211 Clark Street, Chicago.

A BICYCLE SAFEGUARD.

NIGHT was rapidly overtaking me as I sped along on my wheel. I was riding fast, as I still had quite a distance to go before reaching the destination mapped out for that day's ride. I had left my companion in the last village through which we had passed, his bicycle having broken in such a manner as to cause a temporary delay. He was to get it repaired and overtake me by train.

My course had been a short cut through a country I had never seen before; it made me all the more anxious to get to a stopping-place, as I did not wish to ride over an unknown road in the darkness.

I was feeling particularly tired, dusty and thirsty when I came upon a small tavern. I dismounted to get some refreshment, with an undefined hope that perhaps I might stay there all night.

I had no sooner entered it, however, than I decided I should have to go on to my original destination. The place was dirty and disordered, with a particularly sodden, sullen poverty that the surroundings of fresh fields and woods only served to enhance.

I paid for the little I had purchased, and as I did so I noticed for the first time two men who had been sitting in a corner, partially hidden by the half-open door and the shadow that lay in that portion of the room.

Unthinkingly I had exposed a roll of bills, not a large roll, and only such a one as a touring wheelman would have to carry for immediate necessities.

For the first time I experienced a thrill of danger and a feeling of insecurity. I acted immediately upon this feeling and stepped quickly from the room.

The two men rose as I did so, and, exchanging a few words, followed me to the piazza. Here they stopped for a moment and consulted in low tones. I pretended to be fixing my wheel, but at the same time was watching them sharply. In a moment more I mounted and rode slowly down the road, still keeping a watch upon them by leaning low over the handle-bars and glancing back under my arm, a trick I had learned on the race-track when in "setting the pace" I had been closely pursued by a rival. I could do this without being observed. I saw one man give a fierce gesture and start at a rapid walk, almost a run, across the fields. The other walked down the road after me.

Up to this time, though I had felt uneasy for apparently no real cause, I had the satisfaction of knowing I had a fast machine under me, to take me out of harm's way, and felt secure on that account.

As I passed a small clump of bushes and could see the road ahead of me this feeling of security gave place to one of alarm.

The road, instead of advancing in a straight line, swerved suddenly to the right, and doubled back again.

The man who had started across the fields could easily get to the road over which I had to pass before I could reach it, no matter how fast I rode.

I glanced back under my arm again, and saw the man behind me plodding slowly along.

For a moment his quiet gait and plodding manner reassured me. Then I asked myself why was it he had not gone with his friend on the short cut across the fields? The road ahead of me showed no signs of human habitation. Nothing but a dense wood in which it lost itself, reappearing below. The surroundings were fearfully lonely and every minute it was getting darker.

I had been riding slowly as I observed these things. Suddenly I heard a guttural shout from the road far below me. I glanced under my arm and saw with a feeling of horror that the man behind me had commenced to run.

I realized at once I was trapped—one man had crossed the fields, and was lying in wait for me in the woods at the bottom of the hill; the other man was behind me, and would prevent my returning. There was one thing in my favor—they had no idea I suspected them.

On one side of the road was a sheer descent, almost a precipice; on the other side open fields, which were in plain view of the man awaiting me. Something must be done to distract his attention, if I decided to escape across these fields by abandoning my wheel.

I was unarmed and no match in strength for the two brutes who were evidently bent on robbing me at any cost. The man behind me had gained by running, though it was getting so dark his figure was indistinct.

The road now made a turn; for a few moments on this bend I would be completely hidden from both men. In those few moments I should have to act. The road was quite black, owing to the shade from the overhanging trees.

As I turned the bend I realized there was only one way to escape. As the thought came to me I was off my wheel in a second, had taken off my coat, fastened it securely to the saddle, doubled it forward over the handle-bars, and strapped it fast with the straps of the bundle-carrier. It gave a fairly good idea of a figure riding in a low stooping position.

No sooner had this been done than I lashed the handle-bars, dragged the wheel to the straight descent and started it down the hill alone.

Would it run the required distance? The hill was smooth and straight. Quick as a flash I was among the bushes watching the wheel's descent. If the man below me attacked it I could cross the fields without being observed. It became more and more indistinct, but seemed to be running all right. It was near the bottom of the hill when something dark and terrible, like a beast of prey, sprang forward upon it.

I waited to see no more, but dashed across the open field. I ran at a rapid rate till I made sure I was not followed, then slackened my pace.

I did not stop at the first house that came in sight, for I was now thoroughly alarmed about the surroundings, but kept on till I came to a village. Here I roused the town officers, who did not laugh at my story, as I was at first afraid they would.

They consulted in earnest tones, and in a few minutes we were returning to the scene of the attack.

When we reached the foot of the hill down which my bicycle had sped alone, I was surprised to see the wheel lying in the middle of the road.

But what put the matter beyond all doubt was a broken club that lay across the machine, and a dent in the frame, where in sinking through the coat it had met steel and split in two.

The men, after they discovered their mistake, had evidently been afraid of taking the bicycle for fear of detection. Though every effort was made, they were never found.

HENRY E. HAYDOCK.

EXCLUSIVELY FEMININE

A LETTER FROM PARIS.

November 28.

FASHION is apt to disregard the needs of the elderly woman, who has lost her slimness of waist, and I have taken note of several gowns that may meet her requirements. A black velvet gown shown me by Madame Robina has the curving French bias seams which do so much to soften and lengthen the waistline. The bodice is fitted and falls in the back in smart jacket coat-tails. It flares slightly over the hips, and it is heavily jetted. There is a choker and vest of softly plaited cream mull. Jets form a short round yoke, and below is a stole of Point de Venise lace flaring over tops of the sleeves, and ending just above the bust. The skirt is trimmed down each side with a row of truly magnificent jet sunbursts. A cape shown me at the same place is of the popular style that combines the warmth of a jacket with the ease and comfort of a loose wrap. It is of black velvet and lined with ermine—that popular and fashionable luxury—and is cut in the Henry II. style, with high collar lined with tiny ostrich tips. The large loose sleeves are so inserted as to fall into the folds of the cape, and unless the arms are raised, showing how snugly the velvet fits the figure under the arms, one would never suspect their existence.

A black satin gown shown by Doucet has the huge sleeves and entire skirt dotted with steel beads. Choker and belt are of black satin ribbon, while a band of sable finishes the hem of the skirt. Over the shoulders are wide bretelles of double-edged écru lace, while the soft blouse vest is of black chiffon over aubergine velvet.

A gown of black watered bengaline—which fabric is growing steadily in popularity—has a bodice of black and white velvet in narrow stripes, the white showing a moire surface. There is a box-plait down the middle of the front, and bretelles over each shoulder, of black velvet covered with an écru lace edge. Between the bretelles and the box-plaits, running as high as the bust, are additional pieces of the lace laid over the soft velvet blouse. The skirt has a trimming of a narrow écru lace edge, and a fold of black velvet carried about the bottom in large shallow points. An evening blouse is of black chiffon with square yoke and tops of sleeves of ecru lace with sparkling jets following the pattern. A part of the goods is brought up onto the shoulders over the yoke, and held there by a jet ornament; and the fullness of the sleeves is caught up three times to the armholes in the same manner.

A blouse of cream guipure lace lightly embroidered with gold thread has the surplice waist fastening under the left arm with a sable knot. A knot of sable and lace fastens the choker in the back; and each shoulder is trimmed with three sable tails, which fall over the tops of the sleeves.

A gown of lavender watered bengaline has the skirt trimmed with a wide band of aubergine velvet, edged top and bottom with a puff of chiffon of a lighter shade of purple. The waist is a soft French blouse of the silk, with full epaulets of the aubergine velvet edged with frills of the chiffon. These epaulets form tiny points front and back, and extend over the tops of the sleeves in a box-plait.

Turn-over cuffs and collars, with chemisettes of dainty white mull trimmed with yellow lace are exceedingly fashionable, and frightfully expensive at the Rue de la Paix shops; but what exquisite needlework they would be for idle, clever fingers—if clever fingers are ever idle. The cuffs and collars are embroidered and edged with a narrow frill of the lace, or they may have a tiny lace insertion as well. The chemisette reaches to the waist, and is edged with a lace frill. The box-plait down the centre is edged with the yellow lace, and contains tiny stud-holes, which fasten it to the dress. Fine tucking and embroidery may be added, and no starch or stiffness is used to mar its daintiness.

The Irish poplins, which make up so prettily, come in Scotch plaid designs. One, which has a touch of black in the pattern, is made up with black velvet. A band of the velvet with a double row of black ostrich feather trimming extends down each side of the skirt. The velvet sash ties in the back with long ends. Over the shoulders are bretelles of velvet edged with feather trimming, and the same forms the turn-over collar, and flaring turn-over cuffs.

There is a decided tendency in millinery to approach the grotesque, and overstep the limits of good taste. Some of the chapeaus I have seen recently have been strongly reminiscent of "Mrs. Major O'Dowd's" wonderful headgear. The bird of Paradise is once more *en evidence*, to say nothing of owls, eagle's heads, and strange, unnatural creatures evoked by the modiste's own skillful fingers.

A very effective dinner gown is of deep cream satin, and a rich yellow and white brocade. On each side of the front breadth of the skirt are V-shaped panels of the brocade edged with sable. The point of the panel ends just below the knee, and on the hem of the skirt, below the right panel, is a bunch of beautiful yellow velvet chrysanthemums. The tight brocade bodice ends just under the arms, and is finished with an edge of sable, the bust and shoulders being covered with folds of white satin, which stuff also forms the short puffed sleeves. On each side of the décolletage, at the armholes, is one huge flower. There is a narrow belt of the satin, and a tiny stock of the same with an edge of fur encircles the bare throat.

ETHELYN FRIEND.

WHAT SHE WILL WEAR ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

I HOPE every girl who likes pretty things to wear—and breathes there one who does not?—will receive among her Christmas gifts at least one of the fascinating arrangements for decorating a bodice which are shown in such a delightful variety of styles and colors in all the best shops. They are of all prices, too, these dainty collarettes, chokers, stocks, fichus and plastrons, from the modest little ribbon or velvet bands at forty-nine cents to the more elaborate yoke-shaped confections of lace and chiffon marked eighteen and twenty dollars. Nothing more effective or becoming to youthful faces and figures has been devised by Dame Fashion for a long time, and they are besides eminently useful, convenient and economical. With a plain black moire skirt, and a velvet or chiffon bodice for a foundation, innumerable changes of toilet may be produced by simply dressing the neck and shoulders in some of these charming creations. Leading Paris modistes send home an assortment in different colors with all the black gowns ordered by their patrons. Whole blouses of chiffon, too, are still immensely and deservedly popular; they certainly lend "an air" to a costume that is often entirely lacking when heavier and more gorgeous materials are used.

No. 1 in the illustration is an original one of navy-blue accordion-plaited chiffon *over* gathered light-yellow chiffon which is lined with yellow silk. The effect is indescribably *chic*. The crush collar, belt and butterfly bows on the shoulder are of navy-blue satin ribbon. Rosettes of the same finish the collar, and the belt at the back.

Another very pretty blouse, shown in No. 2, is made of cream figured taffeta silk, the design being a tiny stripe of pink roses and green leaves. The collar, of rose velvet, is cut in a deep square at the back, to produce a sailor effect, and is edged all round with white accordion-plaited chiffon. The belt and trimming on the sleeves are also of velvet, and, like the collar, are adorned with little jeweled buckles. The chiffon blouse, No. 3, is in the palest shade of blue and is lined with silk to match. The chiffon is shirred to produce a round yoke effect and the sleeves are gathered to a great fullness. Tufted rosettes give a smart finish to the shoulders, collar and belt. The collar is made of blue moire ribbon. The same blouse is pretty in pink, heliotrope and pale-yellow chiffon.

In Nos. 4, 5 and 6 are shown the designs of some of the new buckles which are now such an essential item of the feminine toilet. They compel you to rapturous admiration, and, at the same time, if you are not one of the "wealthy rich," inspire you with a hopeless envy. The half-circles, No. 4, are of diamonds and emeralds in a gold setting. The large oblong one, No. 5, is of unpolished gold chased in a rococo design, and the oval, No. 6, is of gold and pearls. The little round one shown above is of Roman gold set with rubies, and is the same as used in the blouse marked No. 2. Grouped above this buckle are three pretty collars. The largest is a full ruffle of chiffon over a spreading accordion-plaited collar and has two straight ends, one twice as long as the other, of accordion-plaited yellow silk. Next it is a crush collar of bluet chiffon with a rosette on either side, from which depend cascades of cream Venetian point lace. The third is a simple little collar of rose satin ribbon made with loops at the back and sides.

A lovely vest to wear with an open-fronted or coat-shaped bodice is shown in No. 7. It is of heliotrope satin tucked in tiny tucks to form a yoke. The rosettes at the waist, where it is gathered in, and the collar are of chiffon. A large square pink collarette, No. 8, is of chiffon with embroidered edges and is made open at the throat. The long ends are tied in a bow over the bust and hang down below the waist. No. 9: A blue satin collar has gathered into it a pointed yoke-shaped fall of satin edged with Venetian point lace, and No. 10 is a collar of accordion-plaited chiffon made with six points, all edged with a narrow lace.

January is always a popular month for winter weddings, and many prospective brides are just now deep in the mysteries of their respective trousseaus. In the accompanying cut a Paris wedding gown is shown. The material is ivory satin, and it is cut in Princess style. Three triple rows of pearl trimming decorate the front. A Zouave-shaped drapery relieves the plainness of the bodice and is finished at the throat with a wide butterfly bow and diamond buckle. A spray of orange blossoms is fastened at the waist, and the leg-of-mutton sleeves are edged with orange blossoms. The coiffure and arrangement of the veil is very pretty and becoming. The other gown shown, suitable for a guest, or as a reception dress for the bride, is of shrimp pink Ottoman silk. The skirt is trimmed down one side with rosettes of moss-green velvet and the waistband of the same hangs in long ends at the back. Wide white lace bretelles extend over the huge round puffed sleeves, which are quite short, and have a rosette of the velvet in the centre of the puff. Rosettes also trim the bodice at the points of the bretelles. A spray of pink roses with foliage is fastened on the lace bretelle to the left. Long white kid gloves complete this most charming costume.

GWENDOLEN GAY.

CHRISTMAS GASTRONOMICALLY.

"ACCEPT the good the gods provide ye," is good enough advice, but neither the good nor the gods will be any the worse for an intelligent knowledge of the good provided. With the New Year festival looming up, the mind naturally turns to the discussion of gastronomic good of various sorts.

Turkey, for instance, to head the list with the great *piece de resistance* of every American feast. Benjamin Franklin wanted it should be made the emblem of the United States; but, though held perhaps in more universal esteem here than elsewhere, America can lay no exclusive claim to its nativity.

The generic name of the wild species—*Meleagride*—has a tradition attached to it which should settle that point definitely. In 279 B.C. one Meleager took possession of the throne of Macedonia, but was soon driven from it. This prince had brought the turkey from far barbaric regions into the midst of civilized Greece. When he died, they came from far and wide in such numbers to attend the obsequies that they were called Meleager's birds, then Meleagrides.

To rob the beauty and the pathos of this pretty bit of fiction—it is more in keeping with the turkey-buzzard's habits to attend obsequies than his edible kinsman, among the moderns.

The turkey seems to be not only an all-around bird, but an all-over. It must have been in Egypt, for it figured in the triumphal procession of Ptolemy Philadelphus when he entered Alexandria; some authorities accredit its infancy to Africa, where it was for a long time confounded with the guinea-fowl. "Turkey" would seem to suggest an Asiatic origin, while France, bestowing upon it the name dindon-bird of India — Oiseau D'Inde — would locate it otherwise.

So far back as 1504 they were found in Virginia and promptly accepted as a most "excellent dainty." Very soon after their discovery in this country they were introduced into England.

There is not a State nor a Territory where the wild species cannot be found. Its flesh is held in much higher esteem than the domestic fowl, being more like the pheasant.

In Provence, France, a brutal custom existed: perhaps exists: that of cramming the living bird with whole walnuts in the shell in order to give the flesh an oily taste. Deglutition was made compulsory, by rubbing the neck until the nut had passed the æsophagus. In the Southern States of our country a fine and similar flavor is secured in a less inhuman manner. The Christmas turkey is imprisoned in a roomy cell on the first day of December, and kept amply supplied with cracked hickory or pecan nuts for food, and bonny clabber for drink. A turkey treated in this way makes a dish fit to set before a king.

It is the positive character of the turkey that asserts itself in life, and in death by its flavor, which so appealed to Franklin's fancy.

Oysters.—Some one has said it requires as much genius to apply as to originate. Perhaps that is the reason we are so ready to claim full credit for the oyster, simply because we have taken the lead in utilizing him.

American species and methods of culture are too well known to dwell upon, and he who has not tested the virtue of Saddle Rock or Blue Points, prepared in a first-class New York restaurant, has something left in life to enjoy.

China has her oyster beds, and, of course, her own methods of cultivating them, which differs radically from European or American methods. Long bamboo canes are exposed to the hottest rays of the sun for two months, then laid in salt water for the same length of time, then dried. This is to insure them against warping. Notches are also cut into the canes to prevent them from twisting, and in them empty oyster-shells are imbedded firmly.

Thus prepared, the canes are planted in the sands of the sea, between high and low-water mark, where they are alternately covered by the flow, or exposed by the ebb, and left to catch the young "spat." In two years' time the oysters thus generated are ready for market. Thousands of these cane "collectors" are planted in favorable positions, and large fortunes have been realized by means of them.

The Chinese have an odd fashion of drying oysters. The process is a simple one. They are removed from the shell, plunged into boiling water and then exposed to the sun's rays until every particle of moisture has evaporated from them. Of course the finest and fattest, which are those fed on bamboo leaves and cuttings, are selected for drying. They will keep a very long time in this way.

Ireland used to take high rank with its oyster fisheries; but, like everything else in that mismanaged country, they have degenerated until now they do not realize more than about fifty thousand pound sterling, against five or six millions made by the English fisheries.

The city of Edinburgh was at one time quite famous for its oyster taverns, where the bivalve at its best could be enjoyed; and where advocates, divines, actors and merchant princes congregated to gorge themselves recklessly. The rivers and bays of Scotland offer every inducement for the cultivation of the oyster, but, with the exception of the Firth of Forth, there are none of any extent on the seaboard.

Research concerning the American and European oyster shows that the green color upon which epicures lay so much stress is not always natural, though it is characteristic of certain American varieties, and depends upon the feeding matter found in certain localities. But it has been charged that this desirable tint has been given to the European variety by dipping the oyster in a sulphate of copper.

Mince Pie.—An antiquarian, writing in an English periodical sometime ago, exalts the mince pie by trying to connect it, symbollically, with the offerings of the wise men, who came from afar, bringing spices and other choice productions of the East which do, or should, find place in every properly constructed mince pie.

A vast difference of opinion between him and the Quaker, who spoke irreverently of the mince pie as "an invention of the scarlet whore of Babylon, and hodge-podge of superstition, popery, the devil and all his works." One is inclined to think that brother partook of it cold and at night, in which case one might readily associate it with the Prince of Darkness.

The mince pie of to-day—round, crusty, commonplace affairs—bought at the grocer's or the pastry cook's, have very little in common with the old-time mince pie, in its crust shaped like the manger, and positively prohibited at any other season of the year.

Into those wondrous creations entered many ingredients of which it is wholly innocent now. Months of preparation were necessary for it. Then it had to rest, to amalgamate thoroughly before using.

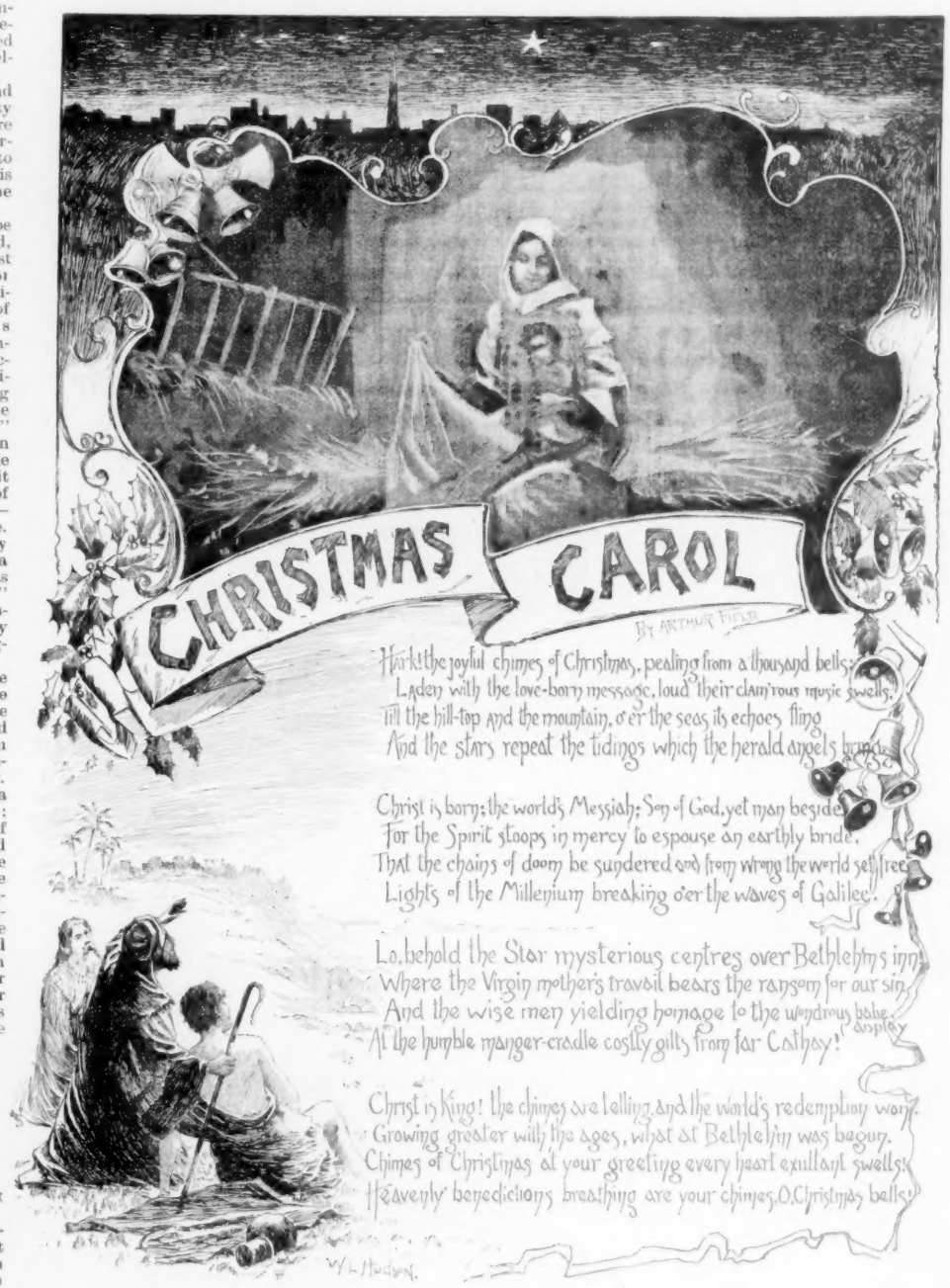
There was the beef to be minced, the suet to be chopped fine, the almonds to be blanched, the currants to be picked, the raisins to be stoned, the citron to be sliced, the apples to be pared. Oh! such mountains of labor and marvels of skill as entered into the compounding of old-time mince meat, before one reached the stage of moistening the whole delightfully indigestible mass with a generous libation of sherry or honest old whisky.

But Christmas comes but once a year, and before its annual advent again there would be ample time to forget all about the hard work or the sharp pain indissolubly connected with every honest mince pie.

They were better, one would fancy, than those spoken of in an old English receipt-book. Having described the pastry as shaped like the manger, it proceeds: "And this was filled with a most learned mixture of neats' tongue, chicken, eggs, sugar, raisins, lemon and orange peel, various spices and other concoctments too numerous to mention." Over which some ancient bard rushed into poesy—doubtless before partaking:

"Now thrice welcome, Christmas,
Which brings us good cheer,
Mince'd pie and plum porridge,
Good ale and strong beer,
With pig, goose and capon,
The best that may be,
So well doth the weather
And our stomachs agree."

JEANNETTE WALWORTH.



THE Twilight Club discussed the other night, 'Is the Stage going to the Dogs?" and invited the Dramatists Club to listen. Mr. Charles Wingate presided, with Bronson Howard on his left, and there were several speeches made *pro* and *con*. But, after all, the general sentiment was that the stage has not degenerated. These fortnightly discussions by the Twilighters have become quite a feature of clubdom.

A PARTY of Georgia editors were in the City of Mexico visiting the famous shrine of Guadalupe.

They were standing at the tomb of President Juarez, the Abraham Lincoln of Mexico. Said the guide:

"I will next take you to see the celebrated monument erected to the memory of Santa Anna."

And the young lady editor, who had been expatiating all day upon historic lore, innocently asked:

"Who in the world was she?"

"Teeth Without Plates."

"That's my trouble!" said the hungry tramp, as he eyed the dentist's sign.

A—"I've forgotten more than you ever knew."

B—"I thought you'd met with some such misfortune as that."

A NICKEL-PLATED ROAD.

ARE the rails and engines all nickle-plated? is asked, time and agian by parties who are contemplating a trip West over this now famous and popular route. If not, where did it get its name of Nickel Plate? That is the question! Where did it get its name? It has justly earned its great popularity by reason of its smooth road-bed, elegant equipment, superb dining-cars, fast time, and, above all, by its giving to the public the *lowest rates* of any *first-class* line, between the East and West. Popular low rate excursions are of frequent occurrence, and every attention is shown its patrons for their comfort and pleasure. Through palace sleeping-cars are run between Boston, New York and Chicago, over the Fitchburg, West Shore, and Nickel Plate Roads. All information as to *low* rates, through sleeping-cars, etc., may be obtained of your nearest ticket agent, or by addressing F. J. Moore, General Agent, Nickle Plate Road, 23 Exchange Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY!

THE times are hard, but there always seems to be opportunities for those who are willing to work. In the past month I have made $175 above all expenses, selling Climax Dish Washers, and have attended to my regular business besides. I never saw anything that gave as general satisfaction. One should not complain where they can make over $5 a day, right at home. I have not canvassed any, so anxious are people for Climax Dish Washers, that they send after them; any lady or gentleman can do as well as I am doing, for any one can sell what every one wants to buy. I think we should inform each other through the newspapers of opportunities like this, as there are many willing to work if they knew of an opening. For full particulars, address the Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio. After you have tried the business a week, publish the results for the benefit of others.

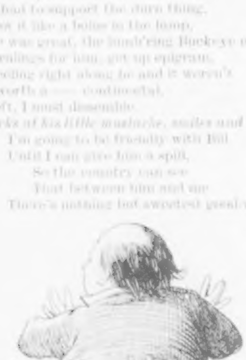
TOM REED'S SOLILOQUY.

(IN BLANKETY-BLANK VERSE.)

SCENE—*Room of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, Washington, D.C. Chairman Wilson has gone out to read a [illegible] tariff bill in the House, and the other Committeemen have not come in. In fact, nobody is there. Enter Thomas Brackett Reed with a joyous waddle.*

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer here as in New York,
When I, the fat and roly-poly Czar,
Am training for a coming great event,
Buoyant as ever [illegible] cork,
And ready for the earth, [illegible] pop
That sure will boost me [illegible] to the top,
For I was born beneath a lucky star
(*Smiles and [illegible] in rapture [illegible].*)
A star upon my birthday burned
In Portland, State of Maine,
Whose duplex burner up was turned
To dowse the glim of Blaine.

(*Pauses and places his finger [illegible] on the side of his nose.*)
This fact I mention very briefly, lest
Its trumpeting might queer me in the West;
For though the country with contumely spat
On the pretensions of a certain Hat,
I must be chary how of Maine I blow,
For there's a fellow out in Ohio
Who's playing "wood"—his name begins with Bill—
Peace, heart tumultuous, be still, still!
(*Sits down, half closes his beady eyes, purses his generous lips and beats a tattoo on the table.*)
How I do hate him and his everlasting yelp
About our industries. 'Twas by his help
The Hat was knocked,
The party shocked,
The pantry locked,
And I, Czar Reed, of honors docked,
My Speaker's gavel grabbed and mocked,
My pungent wit, my bald head mocked.
And he my rival! Ha, ha, ha! be still—
He, Bill McKinley of McKinley's bill.
(*Frisks about the place [illegible] a wet hen.*)
And I had to support the durn thing,
Swallow it like a bolus in the lump,
Say he was great, the lumb'ring Buckeye chump,
Make rulings for him, get up epigram,
And feeling right along he and it weren't
worth a —— continental.
But soft, I must dissemble.
(*Winks, plucks at his little mustache, smiles and sings.*)
I'm going to be friendly with Bill
Until I can give him a spill,
So the country can see
That between him and me
There's nothing but sweetest good-will.



(*Dances, [illegible] and sits down again.*)
Let me go back a bit. Where was I at?
Ha, ha! again the specter of the Hat!
I tell thee [illegible] from Indiana
Thou hast no chance in this our big [illegible].
Thou art an [illegible], a [illegible]
And [illegible] to [illegible] old John
In vain thou'lt [illegible] and whine, and keep
The [illegible] of [illegible] Hope:
They'll want a full-grown man [illegible] up and see
The [illegible] alight on me.
(*Takes an old white hat with a [illegible] out of the cupboard and [illegible] around the room with great [illegible]. Stops short.*)
There's one blamed thing I do not like:
Child of Destiny, I yet must wait
While Fortune's [illegible] o'er the dyke
[illegible] portentous of the joy

Wherewith, when time is ripe, 'twill sweep away
All dams, and carry me as lightly as a mouse
Up to the White House:
Oh! name too mean for me in my expansion,
Let me say rather—Executive Mansion.
(*Folds his arms and looks dogged.*)
Ay, I must sit me down and patient wait
The coming of the halo of my pate;
'Tis coming sure, true light, no will o' wisp,
So crouch I now beneath the rule of Crisp,
As I have crouched for four unhappy years.
Ye gods, how I shall jab them with my jeers!
How I shall salt th' accursed Democrats!
How I shall hang them like Kilkenny cats
Across the Mason-Dixon line, and taunt,
And bid the rebel brigadiers avaunt.
I'll cultivate a scorn like lordly Roscoe,

I'll stick them full of pins *à la* Count Fosco;
I'll let them know there has been Judgment Day,
And, above all, that I have come to stay.
(*Whistles, puts his thumbs in his vest and looks sly.*)
In March they'll march, and then the gavel
Will come to me beyond all mortal cavil,
The ides of March, the ides of March remember!
Upon an early day in next December
I'll mount the Speaker's chair and hammer
Until I down all kinds of yap and yammer;
I'll let them know that I have got a star
And make them feel that they have got a Czar.
It needs a hand that's used to locks and bolts
To train unbroken legislative colts,
The upflung jetsam of the Tidal Wave,
The resurrections from the '90 grave,
All coming down the country to redeem,
And teach old farmers to make cheese from cream—
Republicans of course, but, just the same,
They'll want rough guidance, and I know the game.
(*Nods several times and rubs his hands gleefully.*)
Two years of that, and then my crown, my meed—
A four-year glory for your Thomas Reed.

JOHN BURNS IN AMERICA.

JOHN BURNS has the solid, square build of a typical British workingman, with a vigorous manner of intense earnestness. His strong face betokens his Scotch descent. The bushy dark eyebrows and stiff wiry beard, growing high upon his prominent cheek-bones, are a conspicuous feature.

His voice is in keeping with his face—clear and vigorous, with a ring that can well be imagined filling the celebrated Trafalgar Square in his rousing speeches in the mass meetings of his fellow-workmen.

There is a noticeable cockney twang to his pronunciation, as when he speaks of the workingman's strength lying in the "'ammer and 'and." There is very little in his work calculated to develop the sense of humor, and John Burns is entirely without it in his public addresses. Life has been to him a serious affair, and he regards it and himself as no light matters, to be smiled over.

Indeed, his conception of himself is quite characteristic of the man. He has too much common sense to have his head turned by success; yet he has a high opinion of the Honorable John Burns, and is quite fond of drawing attention to his official positions as "member of the London City Council and member of Parliament." When we consider what his career has been, the wonder is not that he is a little egotistical, but that he is not more so.

He prides himself on being a plain man, and in saying plain things; and he has given Americans due notice that he intends to continue doing so during his visit here, whether we like it or not.

He has come to study the conditions of labor in America, and to become as familiar with our institutions as he is with those of European countries, for he has a personal knowledge of all the large cities of the Continent.

On the day of his landing in New York, he showed his energetic nature by beginning his investigations among the slums, and continued until he had formed some very decided opinions as to the possibilities of improvement.

He inspected the Fifth Avenue palaces with even more vigor, and climbed scaffolds to see how the details of the work compared with English workmanship; and he went the next evening to the mass meeting at Cooper Union ripe with suggestions for improvements in such things as pavements, street cleaning and model tenements, the most striking point of his suggestions being his description of the palatial *Herald* building, where the machines, which feel not, have surroundings of luxury, while thousands of the citizens, unlike machines, being made in the image of God Almighty, are housed in hovels of filth.

His remedy for social disorder is the election of practical workingmen to positions of government, where they can carry out the needed improvements themselves, without leaving their interests to the tender mercies of the practical politician.—(See page 4.)

THE FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THAT BODY.

IN this number ONCE A WEEK presents to its readers the portraits of several of the new Congressmen chosen at the elections in November to sit in the Fifty-fourth Congress, which will assemble next March. The members of the House of Representatives whose pictures we give this week are Hon. J. H. Bromwell of Ohio, Hon. O. W. Underwood of Alabama, Hon. John F. Lacey of Iowa, Hon. Joel P. Heatwole of Minnesota, Hon. R. W. Blue of Kansas, and Hon. G. W. Faris of Indiana, all well-known men, conspicuous for service in their own States. Congressman Lacey is the only one of the number who sits in the present Congress. He is a prominent lawyer and the well-known author of Lacey's Railway Digest; and served in the Fifty-first Congress with distinction. He is a Republican.

In its issue of December 27 ONCE A WEEK will publish six more portraits of leading Congressmen of the Fifty-fourth Congress, and in the succeeding number fifteen more. Biographical details concerning all members of the new Congress, from properly authenticated sources, will be gladly received.—(See page 5.)

"WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE"

is the title of a new novel by Edgar Saltus, which will appear with No. 12, Vol. XIV., of ONCE A WEEK. The charm of this author's style and manner being already familiar to our subscribers, it is hardly necessary to bespeak a cordial reception for his latest effort in fiction. "When Dreams Come True" is essentially a love story woven round a most original plot, and of sustained and piquant interest from first to last. It is one of those rare novels in which the *dénouement* comes as a complete surprise; it is questionable if even the most knowing devourer of fiction could anticipate the termination of the love troubles of Tancred Ennever. The book is almost intolerably true to life, especially in its delineation of feminine human nature as exhibited in the characters of Sylvia and of Madame Bravoura, and also in the apparent inconsistencies and uncertainties that vex the soul of the hero while he is learning to know his own heart. The book is written lightly, to amuse; but, whether with conscious purpose or not, on the author's part, it carries a weighty moral, and will set many people to examining their consciences. It is strongly recommended to the readers of ONCE A WEEK.

CAN any one imagine a body neither hot nor cold, neither in motion nor at rest, and not under the influence of some attraction, some force, or some other form of energy? No! Should such be the case for a space of time inconceivably short, that time would suffice for the rending apart of the universe. Planets would fly asunder; life would be instantly destroyed. The very ether would become, in common with all else, at once disorganized, and the universe, filled once more with impalpable world matter, would recommence, as it did millions of centuries ago, the building up of new systems, new worlds and new men.

Energy manifests itself to us in various ways. To the physicist, light, heat, chemical action, and all other phenomena included in the category of the physical world, are exhibitions of transformation of energy from one form to another. The sum total of energy in this world has never increased or diminished. Like the matter in the universe, it is and will always be an unchangeable quantity.—*Electrical Age.*

ALL SAINT'S CHURCH is rapidly achieving a high reputation for music. Neither Francis Xavier's nor St. Stephen's delights its flock with finer sacred music than that heard every Sunday evening at the beautiful temple in Harlem, erected by the zeal and enterprise of Father James Power, its pastor.

He went a-hunting for a wife
As bravely as you please,
And in the course of time he bagged—
His trousers at the knees.

No Morphine, no Anti-Pyrine, no Cocaine in Bromo-Seltzer—cures all headaches.

"BODY RESTED, MIND AT EASE."

THAT is what it is when traveling on the fast trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway; besides, there is no chance to "kick," for the accommodations are up to date, the trains keep moving right along and get there on time. These lines thoroughly cover the territory between Chicago, La Crosse, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Aberdeen, Mitchell, Sioux Falls, Sioux City, Yankton, Council Bluffs, Omaha and Northern Michigan. All the principal cities and towns in that territory are reached by the "St. Paul" lines, connecting at St. Paul, Council Bluffs and Omaha with all lines for points in the far West. Write to Geo. H. Heafford, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill., for one of their new map time tables and a brochure giving a description of the Compartment Sleeping Cars. Tickets furnished by any coupon ticket agent in the United States and Canada. The finest dining cars in the world are run on the solid vestibuled, electric-lighted and steam-heated trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

CHESS.

BETWEEN THE GAMES.

THE Showalter-Albin match continues to interest New York players. The last game, won by the champion, left the score 7—4, in Showalter's favor, with 3 drawn. Albin tried unsuccessfully in this game a variation of the French Defense. The twelfth and thirteenth games were drawn after splendid contests.

Dr. B. Lasker, brother of the world's champion, has been playing good chess in London lately, beating fifteen players simultaneously at the Cyprus Chess Club. The doctor reports that his brother is rapidly recovering from his attack of typhoid fever.

The Manhattan Chess Club of New York is making arrangements to play a cable match with the British Chess Club of London. The Commercial Cable Company will place a wire at the disposal of the clubs.

A correspondent of the London *Times* throws an interesting light on chess as it is played by Hindoos and Mussulmans. In the home of the royal game he naturally found a very general degree of skill. The rules differ in some important respects. A pawn is rarely moved two squares at first. Taking a pawn *en passant* is unknown. Castling is not practiced. If a pawn reaches the royal rank it acquires the value of the square it arrives at. The natives also adopt some very original and irregular openings; as, for example, K P one sq., K Kt P one sq., and their chief skill is developed in their knight play.

Chess players in Madras are asking why a popular club cannot be organized in that city. India, as the birthplace of chess, should not be lacking in strong clubs and master-players.

H. Taubenhaus, the champion of France, returned to Europe last week, after a stay of several months in this country. One of his last public exhibitions was the simultaneous play at the Manhattan Club, New York, one of the games in which appears below.

The next notable visitor to the United States will probably be Dr. Tarrasch, the memory of whose excellent play in the Leipsic Tournament is still fresh in the minds of chess players.

The latest book in the chess world is an enlarged edition of M. Numa Preti's "A B C des Echecs." It appears to satisfy perfectly the requirements of the student, and at the same time offer a great deal that is interesting to the master. Here is an instructive end game from the volume, in which the merit lies in white forcing a clever draw: Black—K on Q Kt, P on Q B 7; White—K on Q R 6, R on Q R 7. White to play and draw.

FROM NEW YORK.

One of twenty-two games recently contested simultaneously by H. Taubenhaus, champion of France, at the Manhattan Chess Club. Sicilian Defense.

WHITE. (Taubenhaus)	BLACK. (Intropidi)	WHITE. (Taubenhaus)	BLACK. (Intropidi)
1 P-K 4	P-Q B 4	22 Q R-Q sq.	K-K 2
2 P-K B 4	P-K 3	23 R-Q 2	P-B 4 (h)
3 Kt-K B 3	Kt-Q B 3	24 K R-Q sq.	Kt-K 5
4 P-Q 4	P x P	25 B x Kt	P x B
5 Kt x P	B-B 4	26 R-R 2	P-Q 4
6 B-K 3 (a)	Q-Kt 3	27 R-K B sq.	P-Kt 5
7 Kt x Kt	B x B	28 R-B sq.	P x P
8 Q-Q 3 (b)	Kt'sPxKt(c)	29 R x B's P	K-Q 3
9 Kt-B 3	B x P	30 R-B sq.	P-K 4
10 B-K 2	B-K 4	31 R-B sq.	P-Q 5 (ch)
11 Kt-Q sq.	P-Q R 4	32 K-Q 2	P-K 6 (ch)
12 Q-Q Kt 3	Q x Q (d)	33 K-B 2	B-K 5 (ch)
13 R's P x Q	Kt-B 3	34 K-Q sq.	P-Q 6
14 B-Q 3	B-Q 5 (e)	35 R-K sq.	P-K 7 (ch)
15 P-B 3	B Kt 3	36 K-Q 2	K R-K B sq.
16 P-Q Kt 4	B-Kt 2	37 K-K 3	K-Q 4
17 P-Kt 5 (?)	P x P	38 R-B 4	R-B 8
18 Kt-B 2	B x Kt (ch)	39 Q R-B sq.	R x R
19 K x B	KtxP(ch)(f)	40 R x R	R-K B sq.
20 K-K 3	Kt-Q 3	and white resigns.	
21 P-Q Kt 3	B-B 3 (g)		

NOTES OF THE GAME.

(a) Kt x Kt instead of the text move should have been played here, as it would have effectually prevented white's succeeding tribulations.

(b) If Kt-K 5, black plays B-B 7 (ch), followed by Q-K 6 mate.

(c) Black had another good line of play: viz., 8—Q x P; 9—Q-B 3, Q x Q; 10—Kt x Q, Q's or Kt's P x Kt, and should win.

(d) Being a piece and pawn ahead, and having a position of absolute safety, why not?

(e) To prevent white from castling on the king's side.

(f) White now loses another pawn.

(g) Anticipating the subsequent attack on the king's pawn by white's doubled rooks.

(h) Nothing can now save white's game except exceedingly bad play on the part of black.

Mr. Intropidi has been occasionally successful in battles of this kind. He has won from the late Captain McKenzie, Messrs. Richardson and Taubenhaus, and drawn with Messrs. Albin and Walbrodt. He is the author of "Personal Recollections of Distinguished Chess Players," and is at present engaged in writing "The Giants of Chess."

PROBLEM NO. 7.—BY A. WESTENBURG.
FIRST PRIZE IN NETHERLANDS CHESS ASSOCIATION'S INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT, 1894.

BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROB. NO. 4.—BY S. TERINIS.

Key move—B (B 5)-Q 7; followed by mate with B-Q Kt 5, or Q-B 4, according to black's move. Other variations follow the key move.

Correct solution No. 4 from H. M. Mathieu, Hallettsville, Tex.; No. 3, from H. L. L., Newport News, Va.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. M.—Why not 3. K (black)-6?
C. S.—Will send you the data you require.

Readers are invited to solve and criticise Problems published in ONCE A WEEK. Two weeks will be allowed to pass between the publication of a Problem and its Solution.

SCIENCE AND AMUSEMENT.

A MAGIC SWING.

A MAGIC swing attracted much attention at the last midwinter fair in San Francisco. The visitor was ushered into a chamber which contained the swing, a kind of platform with seats hanging from a bar let into the walls, as shown in our illustration. When the seats were all occupied by visitors the attendant closed the door and gave a slight oscillation to the swing. Presently the oscillations grew larger and larger, until at length the swing mounted to the ceiling and went right over the bar, as pictured. The

passengers, however, felt no discomfort of any kind, and their surprise was the greater in that between the bar and the ceiling there was apparently no room for the swing to pass. At last the oscillations diminished, and the swing came to rest. The effect was really an optical illusion, similar to that experienced on seeing a railway train gliding past the train in which we are seated, and causing us to think that ours is moving at the same speed. The swing itself did not turn round the bar, but the chamber turned round the swing, and the illusion was so perfect that the occupants involuntarily clutched their seats at the turn-over to avoid being thrown out. The furniture of the room, including what purported to be a kerosene lamp, but was in reality electric, and could be inverted without danger, was all designed to keep up the illusion, which was further helped by a baby's perambulator, and a chair with a hat on it.

GOOD PICTURES.

Two noteworthy exhibitions of paintings are now open to the art-loving public of New York. At the Academy of Design four hundred and seven canvases have been accepted out of three times the number submitted for the Thirteenth Autumn Exhibition. The collection cannot be called a remarkably good one. W. M. Chase sends a portrait and an autumn landscape, the latter especially worthy of his brush. Orrin Peck's portrait of Mr. Hearst is a refined and brilliant piece of work, and Hamilton Hamilton's "The Widow's Treasure" attracts much admiration. Anna Meigs Case leads the women exhibitors, of whom there are thirty-nine, and several of whom are represented by truly charming—mostly small—examples, such as would appeal to buyers in search of effective "bits." On the whole, the Exhibition is rather disappointing.

There is something better to be seen at the American Art Galleries, where the works of six well-known artists are on exhibition. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brewster Sewell, working separately and in collaboration, have produced a strikingly interesting collection of paintings, chiefly studies from the nude in the open air. The effect of brilliant sunshine and transparent atmosphere is astonishingly well rendered and the treatment of the figures is exquisitely refined as well as realistic. A pleasant and profitable hour can be spent among these lovely Bacchantes and Daughters of Hesperus. Upstairs in different galleries may be seen the original pen-and-ink drawings of W. Hamilton Gibson, one of the most successful illustrators of the day; the drawings and designs of Elihu Vedder, notably the drawings for the edition of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam; and designs for the decoration of Mr. C. P. Huntington's house on Fifth Avenue; in Gallery "D" Mr. George Agnew Reid, R.C.A., of Toronto, Canada, exhibits a very good collection of genre and figure paintings, and in Gallery "E" is found a charming exhibition of Italian water-colors, by Herbert A. Olivier, London, England. A delightful evening may be spent among all these gems of art, as so many different styles are represented that there is something to please all tastes.

ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING.—One pound of beef kidney suet, chopped fine; one pound seeded Malaga raisins; one pound currants, cleaned and washed; one pound bread-crumbs, sifted through a sieve; quarter of a pound candied lemon-peel, chopped fine; one pound of powdered sugar, four tablespoonfuls of flour, quarter of an ounce ground cinnamon, quarter of an ounce of nutmeg and allspice, a pint of brandy and six eggs. Mix the whole well together. Dip a strong cloth in cold water and wring out to extract all the moisture. Spread open on a table and butter liberally with butter softened to the consistency of cream; dredge over with sifted flour and shake the cloth to remove the excess. Turn out the mixture on the centre of the cloth, form in the shape of a ball, raise up the edges of a cloth, bringing the four ends together and all around to inclose the preparation well, then tighten and tie firmly. Plunge the pudding into a high saucepan filled to three-quarters of its height with boiling water. Let it cook for three hours, then remove it from the water. Let it stand five minutes before cutting the string; undo the cloth carefully and invert the pudding on a hot dish. Sprinkle with sugar, pour over some brandy or rum and set it on the fire; serve immediately with

Frothy and Vanilla Rum Sauce.—Melt half a pound of chopped beef marrow in a bain-marie. Strain through a napkin into a bowl and whip to a froth. Then add four ounces of butter broken in small parts, four ounces of vanilla sugar and half a gill of rum.

TIP-TOPS.—These are very good, and will keep any length of time. Warm together seven ounces of butter and five of golden syrup. Add five ounces of lump sugar which has been rasped on the rind of a fresh orange; also half a tablespoonful of the best mixed spice. Next put in a couple of ounces each of candied citron, lemon and orange-peel, finely chopped; two ounces of grated cocoanut, and the same weight of walnuts or almonds; finally add half a pound of pastry flour and a quarter of a pound of cornflour. Set the mixture aside, covered with a cloth, for a few hours, or all night. When ready to bake, shake in as much more flour as will make it stiff enough to roll out, and cut in shapes—fingers, or any other; then put in a gentle oven and remove when brown and crisp. Remember everything containing treacle requires steady heat and watchfulness.

He—"Do you think your father would object to me marrying you?"

She—"I don't know. If he's anything like me he would."

WHERE TO FIND GAME.

WHERE to find game is oftentimes a perplexing question. The sportsman who strikes a good spot generally keeps the information as close as possible in order to enjoy exclusive privileges.

Along the line of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad in Virginia and West Virginia, such places are numerous, and it is remarkable how little they are known. The mountain streams abound in gamey fish. The South Branch of the Potomac is considered the best black bass fishing stream in America; the Cheat, Youghiogheny, Potomac and Monongahela Rivers are all excellent fishing streams. The hills and valleys adjacent are fairly alive with game—partridge, wild turkey, grouse, pheasant, wild pigeon, quail, rabbit and squirrel are plentiful, and in the back country thirty or forty miles from the railroad, deer and bear can be found.

Good hotels are convenient, and horses and guides can be secured at reasonable rates.

For circular showing fishing and gunning resorts reached by the B. & O. R. R. address Chas. O. Scull, Gen'l Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

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Finest Dressing and Best Tonic
FOR THE HAIR.

It stimulates and produces a vigorous growth; cleanses the scalp and prevents dandruff, and gives that appearance of softness, abundance and beauty so much desired.
All druggists or by mail 50 cents. 44 Stone St., N.Y.

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and head noises relieved by using
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Entirely new, scientific invention; different from all other devices; the only safe, simple, comfortable, and invisible ear drum in the world. Hundreds are being benefitted where medical skill has failed. No string or wire attachment to irritate the ear. Write for pamphlet.
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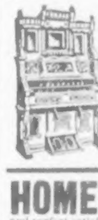

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